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THE RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.



It is only in the presence of a great crisis that the spirit of England is thoroughly aroused. It would almost seem as if she needed a tremendous danger or disaster to call forth her strength. At such moments the bonds of party are loosened, and the bonds that give vitality to a nation made stronger. Again and again it has happened in our past history that the hour of fear or shame has eventually proved the hour of triumph. It was so at the time of the Armada, at the time of the Revolution, in the early years of this century when Napoleon threatened the invasion of the country, and in the terrible moments of the Indian Mutiny. The danger that now threatens us is one that concerns every Englishman. How shall Ireland be ruled, and who shall be its rulers, is a question that not only demands the highest statesmanship, but the highest patriotism. Truly, the makers of history in 1886 have a burden on their shoulders that cannot be borne lightly by thoughtful men. Strange that three centuries of progress have been unable to remove, scarcely indeed to diminish, the Irish difficulty. It was the sore trouble of Queen Elizabeth's statesmen, and it is the trouble of Queen Victoria's.

There have been during the present reign four riots in the metropolis, the three former having been much more serious than that which terrified London during the past week. First, there was the Chartist agitation, which, practically commencing in 1838, cannot be said to have been quelled for ten years. Then, in June, 1855, came the "Sunday Riots" in Hyde Park, caused by the assembling of crowds who thought their liberty infringed by Lord Richard Grosvenor's bill to prevent Sunday trading in London. The mob met on three successive Sundays, on the last of which, "not resting content with hooting and hustling the frequenters of Hyde Park, they broke many windows, and, in one or two instances, attempted to set fire to houses." The third was the Reform League riot, on July 23, 1866, when, reversing the order of things of Monday last, the meeting started at Hyde Park, and worked its way down to Trafalgar-square, nevertheless leaving behind them sufficient of their numbers to demolish the park palings and come in dangerous conflict with the police, necessitating the moral influence of the military, which force, however, took no active part in the disturbance. All these riots had a political origin—they were protests against existing laws, or demands for new ones. The disturbance on Monday last arose from a band of Socialists, who, taking advantage of a large meeting of unemployed in Trafalgar-square, incited a number of roughs, by inflammatory language, to commit numerous acts of violence, which are described and illustrated in another portion of this Number.

It is a little curious that, just as the Liberal Government has come into office, the "ladies' colour" for the spring should appear likely to be "yellow." For the prettiest of all yellows is the primrose. But, of course, that might be taken as a compliment to the family name of Lord Rosebery as well as to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. By-the-way, the appointment of Lord Rosebery as Foreign Minister has given great satisfaction to the "sporting" newspapers, though perhaps they were not present to Mr. Gladstone's mind when he was forming his Cabinet. They naturally think that horse-racing is the one thing needful for the British Constitution, and that "trial by jury" and "habeas corpus" are comparative superfluities. All foreign countries, they know, draw, or have drawn, their supply of "thoroughbreds" from us; and, therefore, with a Foreign Minister so good a judge of horse-flesh as Lord Rosebery ought to be, everything should go well abroad with the affairs of "Old England," as "sporting" Englishmen, beyond all others, delight to style their native land.

Literary gentlemen, at any rate, are much heartened by the high office conferred upon Mr. John Morley, who is nothing if not literary, pure and simple. It looks as if the good old times were returning, when a man of letters, even a minor poet, like the almost-forgotten Matthew Prior, might aspire to become an Ambassador, and "lie abroad for the good of his country." But, certainly, Prior was not only a minor poet; he could write politics as well as pretty verses, and he had a noticeable turn of humour.

Among many philanthropic schemes propounded by women in the present day, that which the Countess of Aberdeen proposes for the good of Scotch servants stands alone. Lady Aberdeen feels that the lives of the Scotch servants are sadly dull and monotonous, and to improve their condition it is suggested that they shall be supplied with examination papers on various subjects, such as history, geography, and biblical study. Whether such a scheme would really benefit the domestics in the north is a matter of doubt.

Messrs. Cassell's bold venture, in publishing weekly volumes of famous books (the latest published of this admirable series being Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling") at a price which brings them within the reach of the humblest reader, seems to have excited the ambition of another well-known firm. So the "National Library" will have "Routledge's World Library" for a rival. There is room, no doubt, for both; and, if, as there is every reason to believe, the works will be judiciously selected, a sound taste may be spread widely among readers hitherto indifferent to the qualities which justly entitle books to be called literature. It is a question, perhaps, whether the easy acquisition of books

tends to make them valued. We generally like those things best which have been gained with most difficulty, since without difficulty there is no triumph. Don't we all remember how "Elia's" cousin Bridget reminds him of the joy with which, one Saturday night, after eyeing the treasure for weeks, he ventured to lay out sixteen shillings on a folio Beaumont and Fletcher, and asks whether there was no pleasure in being a poor man? And do we not remember, too, Sir Walter Scott's account of his youthful delight in scraping together a few shillings for the purchase of "Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry"? It may be fairly questioned, too, whether the illustrated books for children that are poured nowadays like a flood into our nurseries are as dear to the little ones as the few dog-eared volumes, with execrable engravings, that delighted their grand-parents.

A correspondent of the *World* writes that the idea of the hundred best books did not originate either with Sir John Lubbock or with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "It suggested itself, in the first place, to Lord Acton, who gave utterance to it at one of Mr. Gladstone's Thursday breakfast parties, when Mr. James Knowles, who happened to be present, endeavoured to secure it for the *Nineteenth Century*, in the pages of which he announced that Lord Acton's selection . . . would shortly be published." It is quite possible, of course, that the idea occurred, as thus stated, to Lord Acton; but there is nothing new under the sun, and it has been already pointed out in our columns that, five-and-thirty years ago, Sir Arthur Helps threw out a similar suggestion in his "Friends in Council." Just now, by-the-way, when so much is being said about the pleasures of reading, it may be well to turn to the thoughtful wisdom of one of the pleasantest of essayists on this significant subject. Sir Arthur's weighty little paper will be found fruitful in thoughts which later writers or speakers have expanded.

It is stated that there are more than 2000 fires in London yearly, or nearly six fires every night. Of these 20 per cent are unaccounted for, and it is supposed that at least one half of the property consumed is uninsured. The pecuniary loss must be enormous, but this is often the least part of the evil. The sudden advent of danger in its most terrific form is enough to paralyse the stoutest heart, and when life is saved it is often, to quote Job's expressive language, with the skin of the teeth. And the danger of fire is not lessening with the progress of civilisation. Houses and hotels are now built in London of an altitude unknown to our ancestors sixty years ago, and in the greater number of instances it cannot be said that they are built more securely. Indeed, the employment of iron instead of wood, if the iron be left unfenced, as is usual in the erection of ordinary dwelling-houses, creates a new element of danger. It is strange how little thought of a Londoner's perils by fire enters into the minds of architects and builders; or, if it does enter their minds, apparently it remains there.

Mr. Froude, in his recent work on the Britain of the Antipodes, incidentally notes several respects in which Australia compares favourably with America. One important and less advantageous divergence he does not touch upon—the apparent absence of any infusion of humour as an appreciable element in the national character. Everything in the United States, from a Presidential election downwards, is permeated by humour—sometimes of the richest and broadest kind. Never, since the days of the old Athenian comedy, has the perception of the ludicrous been so constantly appealed to and so regularly imported into the treatment of grave affairs. Of this there seems as yet hardly a trace in Australia, and the few jokes we do meet with are void of all local flavour, and might just as easily have been made at home. It would be premature to conclude that Australia and New Zealand will produce no humourists, for the very peculiar humour of the Americans was not developed all at once. We confess to ignorance as to when it came into existence, and would suggest the investigation of its feeble beginnings and growth into its present luxuriance as a very interesting subject. It cannot, perhaps, be admitted, without proof, that a Massachusetts Puritan of the old stock can have said a good thing; though a fine example of practical humour is afforded by the conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers to the Indians when, the latter demanding the execution of a colonist who had murdered one of them, but was too useful to be parted with, the Fathers,

In his stead, did  
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.

The earliest example of an American bon-mot that occurs to us is the proposition of Franklin, when a little boy, relating to a barrel of salt beef. At this period Massachusetts had been colonised about a hundred years; it is therefore nearly time for New South Wales to begin.

Everybody has heard of the lady who was "bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also, she painted in water colours, and sent several pictures to the Dublin Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." This celebrated character, probably, remains unsurpassed, but is run hard by the obituary of a Miss Wallace, in the *Zoist* for April, 1855, where the qualities and fortunes of the deceased are thus delineated:—"Her conduct was beyond all praise. She engaged in ornamental working on glass, confided greatly in others, and died in squalid penury."

Many names are remarkable for their oddity, more for their inappropriateness. Of the former class, Neptune Blood and Preserved Fish are typical illustrations; among the latter we have abundance of brave Cowards, slow Hares, living Deaths, and Riders who were never on a horse's back. But oddity and inappropriateness can seldom have been more perfectly combined than by Innocent Babe, Esq., who, on Feb. 3, 1721, was convicted at Dublin of subornation of perjury.

In his recently published treatise on the anthropoid apes, Professor Hartmann, of the Berlin University, tells a touching story of a large monkey which belonged to the Zoological Gardens of Dresden. Mafuca, as she was named by Herr Schopf, the director of the gardens, was a personage of polite manners. She would blow her nose with a handkerchief, put on her own boots, wring out the linen, steal keys, and open locks. She had a cup of tea every morning, and one of cocoa every evening, and at any time would fill her own cup or tumbler without spilling a drop—suggesting at once a sense of propriety and of appreciation of the beverage. Her death was quite pathetic. After some years' experience of the Dresden climate, she showed symptoms of consumption; and, if unable to realise the progress of the disease, she was quite conscious when it was drawing to a close. She would scarcely allow her friend, Dr. Schopf, who nursed her throughout her illness, to leave her sight. When the end approached, feeling her forces ebbing, she threw her arms round his neck, kissing him repeatedly, held out her hand to grasp his, and fell back lifeless.

Old-fashioned people who were in the habit of quoting "Hoyle" as an authority on whist and other games of cards, will hardly recognise their old mentor in his American disguise. The "Hoyle" of those days was a modest volume, which one could carry in the pocket; but his American cousin is a large and imposing handbook of over five hundred pages. The list of games in which instruction is given is not only much extended by the addition of games of American, and words of a cosmopolitan, origin, but by Transatlantic varieties of English games. The mysteries of Euchre have elsewhere been chanted by poets; but of this pastime, the varieties known as "Lap, Slap, Jambone, and Jamboree," Railroad Euchre and Napoleon, are here explained for the benefit of both the skilful and the unwary. Poker, too, which, as introduced into this country by the monograph attributed to a distinguished diplomat, seemed a comparatively simple process of losing one's money, is here shown under its complex form of "Jack Pots," "Mistigris," and "Whiskey Poker." Among the other games which deserve the attention of—etymologists, may be cited "Penuchle," "Slobberhannes," "Schnantz," "Dom Pedro," and "Heart Solo," which is not, as its name might imply, a game of patience for a deserted damsel, but a form of deception to be practised only by an astute player, if success be his object.

Professor Carl Werder, who for some years has occupied the chair of Dramatic Literature at the Berlin University, has long been known as an able commentator of Shakspeare. His last volume, just issued, is devoted exclusively to an analysis of Macbeth; and his conception of the character differs widely from the views held by his compatriots—Schlegel, Goethe, and others. With these the dominant idea was that Lady Macbeth is the most guilty person in the drama, who rouses her husband's ambition and urges him to crime. Schlegel maintained that it was the witches who first suggested the idea of murder; and Goethe, adopting this view, called Lady Macbeth the "Oberhexe," the "Queen witch," and serpent-trempress. Professor Werder takes just the opposite view. He holds that Macbeth, all along nourished in his mind ambitious projects, to advance which he would not stop short of assassination. The witches' parley was but the unhealthy atmosphere in which his spirit brooded, and Lady Macbeth's love and devotion brought her, after many a struggle, to consent to abet her husband in his desperate venture.

Miss Greece is still giving a great deal of trouble, and causing much anxiety to her godfathers and godmothers, the Great Powers, who shake the fore-finger of warning at her, threatening that, if she does not mind what she is about, they will "put her in the corner." Her sister, Miss Servia, who displays a still more naughty spirit, is admonished not to give herself such airs: the Great Powers did not ask her opinion; they pointed out her proper course; they were not "a-arguing with her," but "a-telling of her."

Some folk seem to think that the good time is really coming at last; that Ireland is about to enjoy her own (and everybody else's) again; that there shall be no more rent; that "three wise-acres and a cow" shall rule the roast in England, whilst the Irish shall flourish (their shillelaghs) in peace and plenty, with Mr. Parnell for their Haroun Alraschid and Mr. John Morley for his Grand Vizier.

Here is an opportunity for ladies to utilise their discarded costumes. Many of the fair sex, especially those whom fortune has favoured with worldly goods, leave off their clothes as worn out when they are but a little soiled. The truth is that ladies do not like to be seen more often than necessary in the same dress. Mrs. So-and-so has a deeply-rooted objection for it to be known in her social circle that she wore "her brown velvet" or the "same gown as she wore at Captain Fiercely's wedding." Yet in these hard times a fresh equipment for each half-dozen functions is out of the question, unless, indeed, the fashion set by Mrs. Langtry be generally adopted. This beautiful lady, now one of our most delightful actresses, has, in a ball-room scene of her successful play, "Enemies," dressed some of the extra ladies in gowns which have already done some slight duty on the shoulders of the Jersey Lily, as Sir John Millais christened her. The result, of course, is that the stage guests are attired in a most costly and tasteful manner, while Mrs. Langtry has been saved the considerable expense of providing new dresses. However, there are only a few of these: the majority are brand new; but, if a few other ladies of high degree had thought of this new outlet for "old" clothes, they would have been able to make good bargains with stage costumiers; and actresses, with nothing to wear, would get the advantage of the most fashionable dresses at the lowest prices. No doubt, the example will be followed.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Municipal, local, and provincial self-government, based on popular elective representation, may, to some minds, appear the true source of political health in a State with a democratic Constitution. The Parliament and the responsible Government of this kingdom have confessedly become subject to an increased measure of democratic influence by the recent changes in the electoral system. The next step in this direction will be that of reconstituting local authorities, outside of the existing municipal boroughs, on the elective principle, with some enlargement of their powers. It is significant of the ideas entertained by the Prime Minister, and by most of the Liberal party, that the office of President of the Local Government Board, at this juncture, is the one accepted by Mr. Chamberlain. For Mr. Chamberlain, above all other public men, exhibits the fruits of early practical experience in the business of municipal administration as training for the highest work of a statesman.

Everybody knows that the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the second man at present available for the Ministry, in the existing Liberal party, might claim by his personal importance either of the more dignified offices—that of a Secretary of State, or Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the Local Government Board happens at this moment, in view of intended legislation, to be the post that will demand supreme ability, and it must therefore be esteemed the post of honour. Mr. Gladstone has set before his Government and his party, in the foremost place of their political undertakings, to solve the problem of Local Government. What County Boards, District Boards, and other new administrative machinery, all over England and Wales, to say nothing of Ireland or of Scotland, are to be created and set working! It will take a strong Minister to accomplish such a great work; therefore Mr. Chamberlain is appointed, being inferior to Mr. Gladstone only, to Mr. Gladstone at his best, in proved administrative capacity, and in the Parliamentary faculties of argumentative exposition and discussion.

The right honourable gentleman, whose Portrait is on our front page (graced with the proverbial orchid flower in his coat button-hole), is in the fiftieth year of his age. He comes of a worthy ancient family of Nonconformist middle-class provincial folk, in whose lineage were several religious sufferers of persecution for conscience sake, in the seventeenth century. The creed in which he was educated, and to which he adheres, is that of Unitarians. He was born in London, and was educated at University College School, in Gower-street, after which he joined his father's business establishment. The elder Mr. Chamberlain, about 1854, removed to Birmingham with his family, becoming a partner in the screw manufacturing business of Nettlefold and Co. We understand that the application of superior machinery to this particular manufacture, which had previously been carried on by rude and simple methods, soon enabled the firm to outdo all competition. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, preferring, before middle age, to devote his energies to the public service, left the firm in 1874, his brothers remaining in it. He had, in 1869, entered the Birmingham Town Council; he became chairman of the executive committee of the Education League, and was chosen to preside over the first School Board for Birmingham. In November, 1873, he was elected Mayor of that great town, and was re-elected for two successive years.

We cannot here dwell on the brilliant period of Birmingham municipal history which resulted from his able and diligent administration. Its monuments are seen by every visitor there, and the substantial advantages it has conferred on the community are known to every inquirer. A statue of Mr. Chamberlain, at the rear of the Townhall (an almost unique tribute to a local public man in his lifetime), bears the inscription that it was "erected in gratitude for public service given to this town by Joseph Chamberlain, who was elected Town Councillor in November, 1869, Mayor in 1873, and resigned that office in 1876, on being returned as one of the representatives of the borough of Birmingham in Parliament; and during whose Mayoralty many good works were notably advanced, and mainly by whose ability and devotion the gas and water undertakings were acquired for the town, to the great and lasting benefit of the inhabitants." These undertakings, we may add, yield a very large financial profit to the revenue of the Birmingham Corporation. The Prince and Princess of Wales, during his Mayoralty, visited Birmingham, and were splendidly and most courteously entertained.

Mr. Chamberlain was a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of Sheffield in 1874, but it was not till 1876, upon the retirement of Mr. George Dixon, that he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, by the suffrages of his fellow-townsmen. He joined the advanced Liberal or Radical party, in company with Sir Charles Dilke, but was not hasty in taking a forward part; the subjects upon which he at first spoke were those which he had especially studied—matters of municipal administration, the licensing system, and the management of prisons. He wrote, in the *Fortnightly Review*, thoughtful essays upon such distinct topics as the Swedish Gothenburg system of public control of the sale of drink, and the claim to free or gratuitous elementary schooling. His mind was recognised as one fertile of practical suggestions, capable of devising means for useful and beneficent ends, with an eminently constructive faculty, and averse to mere sentimental declamation, though inspired by a genuine zeal for the elevation of the working classes, and by Democratic faith in the power of wisely directed public authority, working in harmony with enlightened popular opinion.

In 1880, when Mr. Gladstone attained power by the acclaiming votes of a great majority of the nation, he invited Mr. Chamberlain to become one of the Cabinet, with the office of President of the Board of Trade. This appointment was recommended by Mr. John Bright; and we believe that Sir Charles Dilke, as a leading member of the Radical party, willingly postponed his own claim to that of his friend. Mr. Bright afterwards took opportunities, more than once, especially when speaking at Birmingham in January, 1882, to commend in the highest terms the qualifications of Mr. Chamberlain for that office, which he had himself held in a former Ministry. "It required," he said, "good business habits, great knowledge of how to deal with men, and great industry"; the conduct of Mr. Chamberlain, in 1881, had already proved him to possess those Ministerial virtues. Mr. Chamberlain devoted himself mainly to the work of his own department, and to special acts of legislation connected with it; the amendment of the Bankruptcy Law, which was in a scandalous state, abandoning the property of creditors, he said, to be "the prey of a set of harpies," and debasing the tone of commercial morality; secondly, that of the Patent Law, with regard to which he sought to enable poor inventors cheaply and easily to secure a reward of their ingenuity; again, the regulation and equalisation of railway charges for goods traffic, releasing our home trade, our manufacturing and agricultural producers, from the bondage of an unfair monopoly of public conveyance; also, to prevent the dishonest abuse of bills of sale, to amend the law of partnership, and to improve

the statistical collection of corn averages. In some of these objects, though all such legislation was terribly obstructed by the Irish Land Question and by the Egyptian Question, Mr. Chamberlain's efforts were finally successful; his Bankruptcy Law Reform Act, his Patent Law Reform, were notable achievements, which have been productive of great benefit to society. Fraudulent debtors, greedy and intriguing forestallers of the just rights of creditors, are now checked by a competent official agency, and there is a judicial visitation of wrongful practices, which formerly went unpunished. The Merchant Shipping Bill of 1884, designed by Mr. Chamberlain to lessen the deplorable loss of seamen's lives in the inferior class of vessels, but calculated to restore prosperity to the better-conducted part of the British shipowning interest, by discouraging an unprincipled competition, had to contend with much mistaken prejudice. It was Mr. Chamberlain's idea, by forming councils of the leading men concerned in this matter at the principal shipping ports for the advice and assistance of his Department, to divest the needful official control of an arbitrary character. We trust that his object will hereafter be fully realised.

In his general views of domestic policy, Mr. Chamberlain's frank expressions of opinion, going sometimes far beyond the sentiments of influential colleagues in the last Liberal Ministry, were eagerly caught at by party opponents, and were grossly misrepresented for the purpose of injuring the Government then in office. He was preposterously accused of preaching hostility to the owners of landed property, and of advocating confiscation and spoliation: because he insisted on the principle that landed estate, where its value has been enormously increased, as in the case of building sites in towns, by the mere growth of population, ought to contribute largely, in the assessment of local rates, to the cost of sanitary improvements, of drainage, water supply, and other local needs, and to be held liable to demands of space for the dwellings of the poor. His views of the equity, in certain instances, of taking pieces of land, at a fair price, for allotments of gardens or small holdings to agricultural labourers, by the compulsory action of the local authorities, have recently been affirmed by the House of Commons' vote upon the motion of Mr. Jesse Collings. There is no taint of Communism or Socialism in these proposals, which are perfectly consistent with the historical character of the usage of land ownership in England from ancient times, subject to the demands of public necessity, though adequate compensation is due for the enforced surrender of valuable rights. Mr. Bright, again, who is certainly no Socialist, in a speech he made on Jan. 30, 1884, vindicated Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine from the charge of error in that direction, without entirely adopting the same views.

Immediately after the resignation of the Liberal Government in June last year, Mr. Chamberlain addressed an audience at Islington in a speech of great significance, declaring that he would henceforth, as a Radical, give his chief attention to the Reform of Local Government, and its extension to the most urgent demands of social welfare. The readjustment of finance and taxation, both that levied by the State and that of local rates; the better care of the public health and accommodation; the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, in towns and in rural districts; the provision for education, for recreation and enjoyment; the removal of temptations to drunkenness; and the remedy of abuses practised in unjust violation of old common rights to the use or occupation of land, were specified as matters within the scope of most needful legislation. But he then avowed his solemn conviction, above all, that in the extension of local and provincial government, on a popular and representative footing, to Ireland, would be found the only method of effectual conciliation. He denounced a system of Irish Government, which Lord Spencer has since called "a hateful bureaucracy," in which "an Irishman could not move a step, could not lift a finger, in any parochial, municipal, or educational work, without being confronted with, interfered with, controlled by, an English official." The Viceroyalty, that "irritating anachronism," came in for Mr. Chamberlain's utter disapproval and sentence of abolition. Further particulars may be read in the *Fortnightly Review* of last July, or in a small book entitled "The Radical Programme," to which Mr. Chamberlain wrote a preface. It is worth while to gain a correct acquaintance with the ideas of one who stands near the highest place of power, and who feels no doubt of what will have to be done.

Our Portrait of Mr. Chamberlain is from a photograph by Mr. H. W. Cox, of New-street, Birmingham.

The Court of Common Council has voted one hundred guineas to the Volunteer Forces Benevolent Association.

A series of tableaux will be given at 66, Queen's-gate, the residence of the Countess of Cottenham, on Tuesday evening, the 23rd inst., and on the following day, at half-past three, in aid of the schools of St. Peter's, London Docks. These schools contain 600 children, many of whom receive their education free, owing to the extreme poverty of their parents.

The American Government have sent to the National Fish Culture Association 2,000,000 of white-fish ova and a large quantity of salmonidae ova, which arrived in excellent condition. The American Government have intimated their readiness to send large supplies of ova this year, in consequence of the success which attended the introduction of Transatlantic fish last year.

Writing to a Chester paper, the Duke of Westminster says that he has been asked by many persons what he intends doing on his Cheshire estate with regard to allotments. His Grace prints two statements, showing the number of persons holding allotments and keeping cows, and of those occupying cottages, but holding neither allotments nor keeping cows. Out of 350 tenants of small holdings, more than one half keep cows, and about two thirds have either cows or allotments. The Duke adds:—"My farm labourers and others employed by me and holding allotments in Aldford had the use of my carts, horses, and implements for ploughing, carting, &c.; and, judging from experience, I do not believe that allotments in the locality would be sought after if acts of husbandry were not in very many cases performed at my expense. It must be borne in mind that buildings necessary for small holdings entail very considerable outlay. Presuming that the buildings on the farms from which the land for the small holdings is taken are adequate for the requirements of that farm, a portion of these buildings, often erected at heavy expenditure, would be comparatively useless."—Lord Bradford has made the following abatements of rent on his extensive estates in Shropshire:—On the Knockin estate, 10 per cent; the Weston estate, 15 per cent; and on the Hughley estate, 20 per cent.—Mr. Cornwallis West, M.P. for West Denbighshire, lowered the rents of several of his farms two or three years ago. Lately, he has reduced the rents of the remainder, the reductions averaging from 10 to 20 per cent. The farms were moderately rented before, but in consequence of the depression in trade, the rents of the whole have been reduced.

## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 10.

Money does not get cheaper, but rather tends the other way, though the actual rate of discount is still not better than 1½, if it is so good as that. The best securities are therefore still in request. Consols and other home descriptions participate in this, though the most movement is in Colonial Government securities. These are much higher, and are fast getting to prices which suit the money market more than ordinary investors. With the quieter condition of international politics, foreign securities have also advanced in many cases. In railways, also, the tendency is good. Many British descriptions have risen, and in Transatlantic securities of this class the upward movement is nearly general; yet business is regarded as much quieter than it was.

In the half-year to Dec. 31 last, the Southampton Dock revenue barely sufficed to pay interest and preference dividends, the balance carried forward after meeting these charges being less than that brought in. For many years the dividend was 10 per cent per annum, it then fell to 3, 2½, and 1. Now, for two half-years, it has been nil. In contrast with this, the Millwall Dock Company again pays 6½ per cent per annum, making 4½ for the year, as compared with 4½ for several previous years.

The recent snowstorms were by some thought to have demonstrated that mid-air lines could not be continued, and also that the expense of underground wires would take all the income. Yet the National Telephone Company has just announced an interim dividend of 3 per cent per annum, which is an increase upon previous experience.

To the Merchant Banking Company of London, the year 1885 was most disastrous; but the the earning power is still good, and in the half-year to December last the debit balance of £28,000 has been converted into a credit balance. Next year, therefore, dividends may be expected to be resumed.

Though the railway dividends generally show some reduction, that of the Great Northern is 6, as compared with 6. The Great Western rate is 6½ as against 7; and the Midland, 5½ against 5½. The London, Chatham, and Dover preference dividend is again paid in full.

Twelve and a half per cent per annum is still the rate of dividend paid by the London General Omnibus Company, despite competition of many descriptions. Low prices for fodder and bedding are the main causes of this prosperity.

The net revenue of the Canadian Pacific Railway for 1885 is reported as being 3,225,000 dols., which is not only greatly beyond any published expectation, but is far ahead of the fixed charges. Though the railway is opened to the Pacific Coast, traffic has not yet been commenced.

The Bank of British Columbia directors announce a dividend of 10 per cent per annum, making 8 for the year. The reserve is, at the same time, increased to £80,000, and a large balance is carried forward.

T. S.

## THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

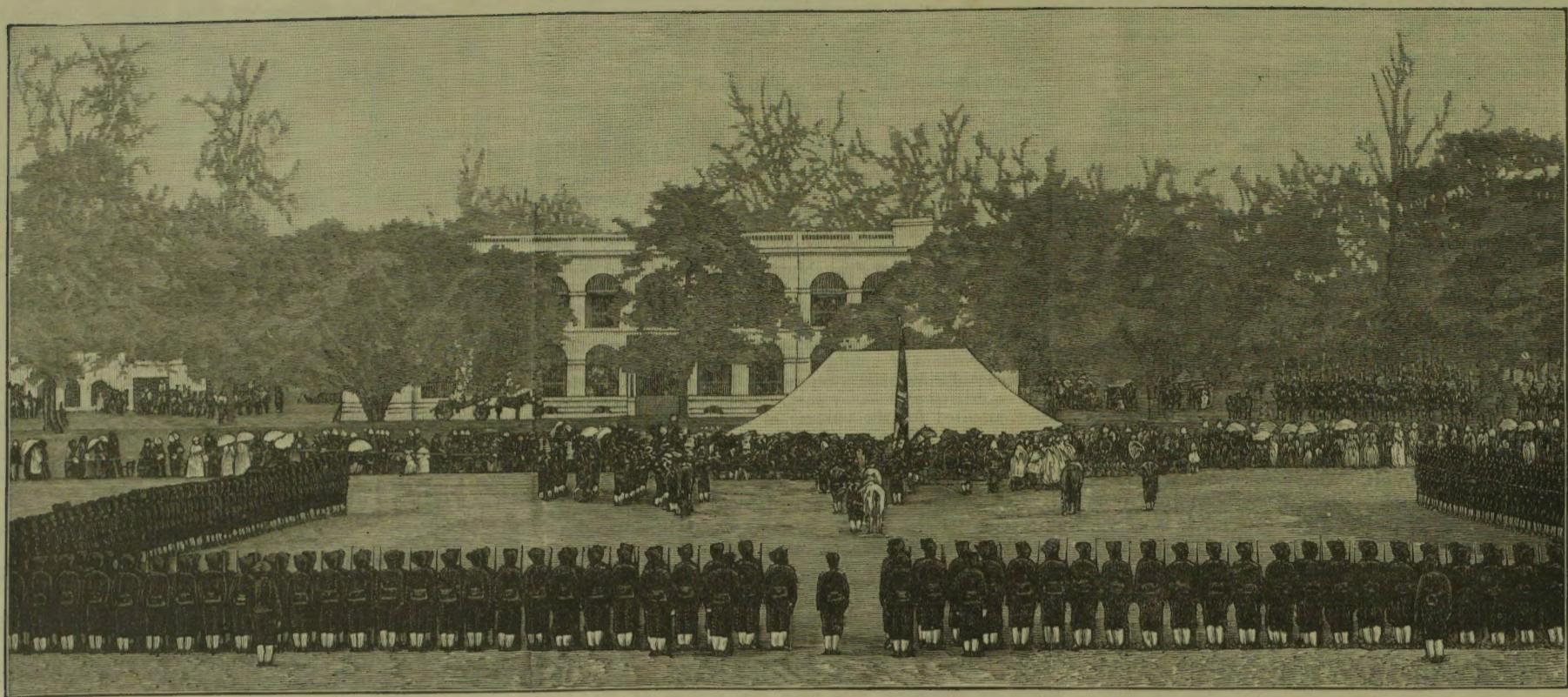
In the summer of this year, under the patronage of the Queen, an important Exhibition of Industry, Science, and Art will be held at Edinburgh; the first "International Exhibition" in the ancient capital of the Scottish nation, but of which a prominent feature will be the display of the material resources, manufactures, and art treasures of Scotland. The list of patrons includes many influential persons of the Scottish nobility and gentry, with the Marquis of Lothian as President, and the Earl of Aberdeen, and the Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow as Vice-Presidents; Bailie Clark is chairman of the committee; Messrs. R. Hutcheson, of Carlowrie, James Gowans, Dean of Guild, and Councillor Andrew Ritchie, are the vice-chairmen. The exhibition will be divided into the following classes:—Minerals, mining, quarrying, and metallurgy; pottery, glass, and kindred industries; chemistry, pharmacy, and food, including drinks; animal and vegetable substances, and their manufacture; paper, stationery, printing, and bookbinding; steam-engines and other "prime-movers"; metal manufactures; railway, tramway, and carriage appliances; engineering, building, and ship-building; furniture and decoration; scientific apparatus; educational apparatus; fishery and fish-curing; the fine arts; and reproductions of the streets and architecture of "Old Edinburgh," with artistic industries represented in the city guilds and crafts, and the historical costumes of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The site, placed at the disposal of the committee by the Town Council of Edinburgh, is in one of the finest and most accessible parks in that beautiful neighbourhood. The exhibition building, of which we give an illustration, is designed by Messrs. John Burnes and Son, architects, of St. Vincent-street, Glasgow, and is being erected under their superintendence and that of Mr. Charles J. Lindsay. We shall probably give a further account of the progress of this exhibition.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports amounted to 1059 cattle, 102 sheep, 10,652 quarters of beef, and 540 carcasses of mutton. The total arrivals show a decrease in the imports of live stock, but an increase in fresh meat, in comparison with the shipments of the preceding week.

Last week 2800 births and 1783 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 131 and the deaths 287 below the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The deaths included 41 from measles, 5 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 121 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 10 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one 1 from smallpox or from cholera.

Loch Lomond, for the first time for many years, is entirely frozen over. Special trains daily take crowds of visitors from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the neighbourhood, and the vast sheet of ice presents from morning to night a scene of extraordinary animation, great numbers of keen skaters and ardent curlers having a delightful time of it. The lake steamers, which are frozen in, are utilised as hotels, and the efforts of the stewards are taxed to the uttermost. An article entitled "Loch Lomond Icebound," from a correspondent, describing the lively scene, appears on page 170.

As a fitting termination to this year's series of Prince's Cinderellas, which are given for the benefit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, an additional ball, at which all the dancers must appear in strictly fancy dress, has been arranged for Monday, March 1. So popular have the Prince's Cinderellas become, that the executive committee have had to decline applications for tickets at every dance; and with a view to limit numbers, and to ensure for the Prince's Fancy Dress Ball a very high character, they have drawn up stringent regulations. Each subscriber must be vouched for as being personally known to one of the patrons or stewards, of whom there is a goodly list. Further details will be furnished by Mr. J. S. Wood, at the hospital, in the Fulham-road.



LADY DUFFERIN PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 18TH BENGAL INFANTRY, AT CALCUTTA.

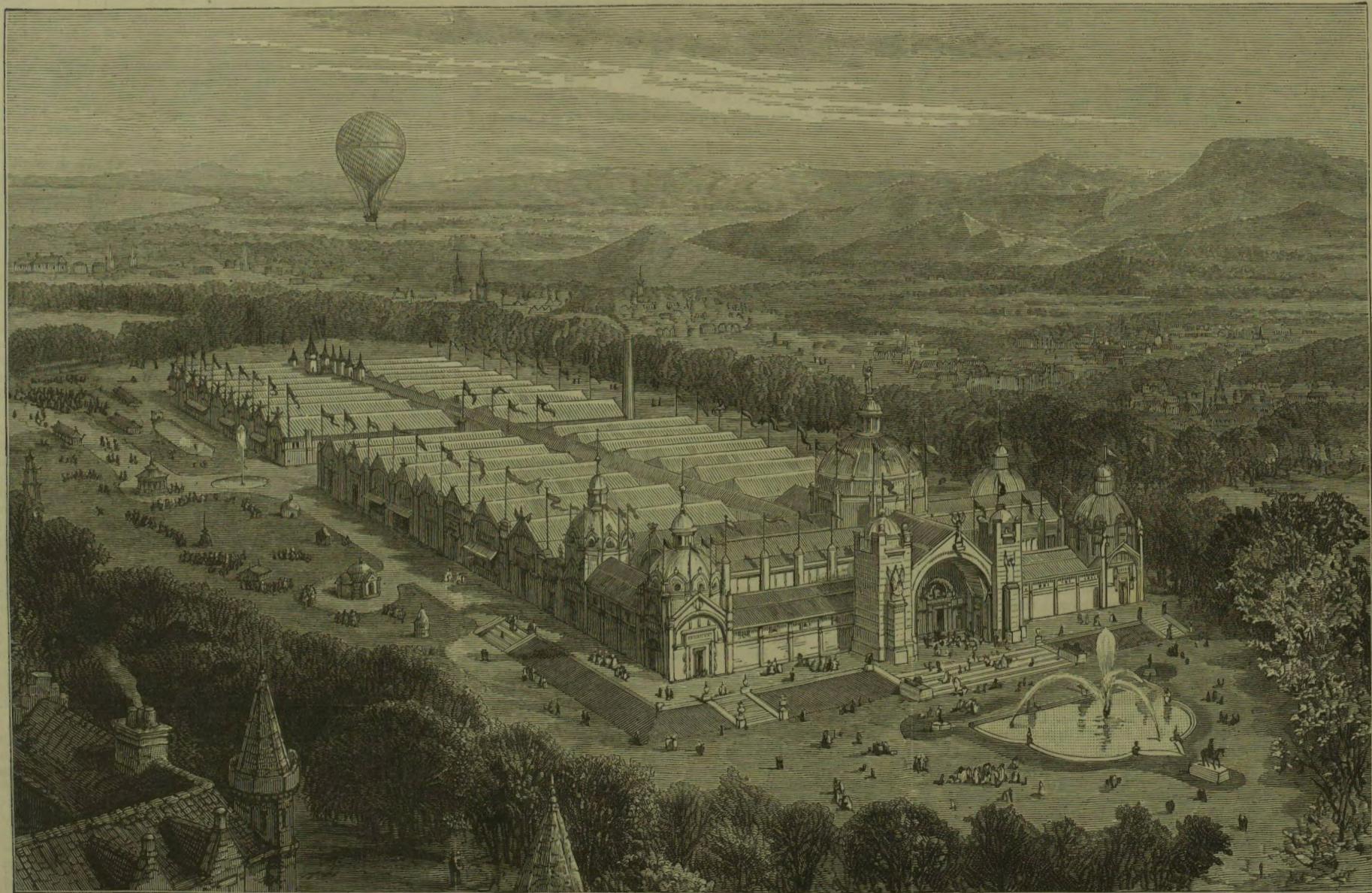
## MILITARY CEREMONIAL AT CALCUTTA.

The ceremony of presenting new colours to the 18th Regiment of Bengal Infantry was performed on the 7th ult., by the Countess of Dufferin, on the parade-ground of the regiment, at Alipore, a pleasant suburb of Calcutta. The grounds were gaily decorated with flags and evergreens; the spacious central tent, prepared for the reception of the Viceregal party, was encircled by a variety of beautiful plants and ornamental shrubs. Shortly before Lady Dufferin's arrival, the regiment, about 400 strong, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. Toker, was drawn up in line facing the Royal standard, which was erected in front of the tent. At half-past four the Viceregal party, escorted by the body-guard, under the command of Captain Muir, and preceded by outriders in their brilliant scarlet livery, drove rapidly through the grounds, and alighted opposite the tent, where they were received by Mrs. Toker and conducted to their seats. The Countess was accompanied by his Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India, Lady Helen Blackwood, the Hon. Miss Thynne, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson, Sir George Bowen, Lord William Beresford, V.C., Lord Herbrand Russell, and a large party from Government House. A numerous and fashionable

assembly, which included his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Rivers Thompson, the Maharajah of Cashmere and Sir Oliver St. John, Prince Farrukhshah of Mysore, the Hon. Mr. Ilbert, and many of the principal residents of Calcutta, with many military and volunteer officers in full-dress uniform, were on the parade-ground. As Lord and Lady Dufferin approached the front of the tent, Colonel Toker's daughter, a little girl of three years of age, presented her Excellency with an exquisite bouquet, composed of Marshal Niel roses, orchids, and maiden-hair ferns, with the number of the regiment (18) artistically worked in violets in the centre. At the same time, the regiment greeted the Viceroy with a Royal salute, which was courteously acknowledged. After the band had played first a slow and then a quick march to and fro in front of the line, in accordance with the established custom, the old colours were trooped, and the escort, composed of the right company, advanced along the front of the line in slow time, followed by the band playing the touching strains of "Auld Lang Syne," and escorted the old colours to the left of the line. They were then removed from the ground, and the escort having paid them this parting tribute of respect, returned to its place on the right of the line. The regiment then formed three sides

of a square, and the drums being piled in front, near the Royal standard, the new colours were laid against them, and their cases were removed by the two senior officers, Major W. H. Browne and Captain C. A. R. Sage. The religious service for the benediction of regimental colours was then performed by the Bishop of Calcutta, assisted by his domestic chaplain, and by the Rev. Mr. Dyer, chaplain of Kidderpore, with his choir. The hymn was sung by the choir, accompanied by the band, and the Bishop pronounced the benediction.

The Countess of Dufferin then advanced, and presented the new colours, which were handed to her by the Majors, to the senior jemadars, who went down on the right knee to receive them. The two native officers having saluted and risen, her Excellency addressed the regiment in a few suitable words, commanding their fidelity and valour. Colonel Toker made a becoming reply. The regiment having re-formed line, and received the colours with a general salute, broke into column, and marched past in quick time, after which it advanced in review order in line, and gave a Royal salute. At the request of Lord Dufferin the British and native officers, together with the new colours, were now called to the front, and his Excellency made a short address. The regiment was then dismissed. Our Illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.



THE BUILDING FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH.



## THE SILENT MEMBER.

Reasonably indignant though the West-End is at the wholesale wreckage and pillage indulged in with impunity on Monday by the mob of "roughs" inflamed by the preachers of Socialism in Trafalgar-square, it is earnestly to be hoped that no effort will be wanting to provide instant relief and employment for the thousands of poor men willing to work, but unable to obtain anything to do in this bitter weather. Perhaps it would be only an act of justice were the Lord Mayor to proffer the first few thousands contributed to the Mansion House Fund for the Unemployed of London to the tradesmen of Piccadilly and South and North Audley streets, to recoup them in some measure for the grievous losses they have sustained at the hands of a band of plunderers. As intimated by Mr. W. H. Smith at the large and influential indignation meeting held on Tuesday, Mr. Childers, the new Home Secretary, will be closely questioned, when the Commons reassemble next Thursday, as to the steps taken by the police authorities to preserve order. Meanwhile, it is so far satisfactory to know, from the statement made early in the week by Mr. Chamberlain, that "in every case where the circumstances require it, and where they do not already possess the power, the Boards of Guardians will be at once authorised to give out-door relief when arrangements are made for a labour test sufficient to prevent imposture."

The Marquis of Salisbury (whose panacea for London distress is the prompt starting of public works) was modestly about to take his seat on the front Opposition bench when the House of Lords met on the Fourth of February; but, seemingly gleaming from the Marquis of Ripon that the time was not quite ripe for changing places, the ex-Premier laughingly lounged to the woolsack to have a chat with the complacent Lord Halsbury, and then joined the grave and care-laden Earl of Iddesleigh, who apparently sought for the moment to emulate the illustrious Judge, who looked wiser than it was possible for man to be. When Earl Granville, beaming as though the newly-imposed cares of the Colonial Office were light as air, had ended his conversation with the Prince of Wales on the cross-bench, and taken his seat near Lord Monson, Lord Sydney, the Marquis of Ripon, and the Earl of Derby, Lord Salisbury rose to perform the sole business of the sitting—to move the adjournment, which was acted upon with alacrity. When their Lordships reassembled on Monday, Earl Granville resumed his old place as Ministerial Leader in the Upper House. With due dignity, the new Lord Chancellor was inducted as a Peer of the Realm, taking the oath and his seat as Baron Herschell, of the city of Durham, prior to disrobing in order to formally reappear in the sombre gown of his exalted office. This ceremony gone through, the House adjourned till next Thursday.

The new Ministerial "Whip," Mr. Arnold Morley, acquitted himself clearly and well in moving the writs for the re-election of Ministers, in the House of Commons, on the Fourth of February, when the Conservatives were found seated to the left of the Chair, and the Liberals and Radicals to the right, the Irish Home-Rulers retaining their usual places on the benches below the gangway, on the Opposition side. By his expression of a desire to know when "business" would be resumed, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach pithily summed up the obvious eagerness of the thronged front bench of ex-Ministers to renew the Parliamentary fray—notably expressive being Lord Randolph Churchill's nervous caressing of his curly moustache. Had it not been for the observance of the useless custom of putting constituents to the trouble of re-electing certain Ministers—a waste of public time particularly to be regretted at this critical juncture—it would have been clearly unnecessary to prolong the adjournment till Thursday next. It is possible that the discontinuance of this needless formality on this occasion might have found Mr. Childers sufficiently prepared at the Home Office to have nipped the rioting of Monday last in the bud.

The re-election, without opposition, of Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, Sir William Harcourt at Derby, Mr. Childers at Edinburgh, and Mr. Mundella at Sheffield, on Tuesday, and of the Premier himself for Midlothian, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman for the Stirling Burghs, on Wednesday, augured well for Mr. Gladstone's new Ministry. But the public awaits with much interest the issue of the contests at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Hackney, where Mr. John Morley and Mr. Charles Russell, the Secretary for Ireland and the Attorney-General, are respectively opposed by Mr. C. F. Hamond and Mr. Scoble, Q.C. Mr. Morley, who made a vigorous speech to the Tynesiders on Monday in support of Mr. Gladstone's programme for Ireland, was afterwards called away to Dublin, in company with the Earl of Aberdeen, the new Lord Lieutenant; but his interests were well looked after by Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., and others. The Conservative leaders were similarly zealous on behalf of Mr. Hamond, who polled 9500 at the General Election against the 10,129 secured by Mr. Morley. At South Hackney, Mr. Charles Russell on the same occasion, obtained a majority of 942 over his smart young opponent, Mr. Charles J. Darling, Q.C.

## A COUNTRY VICAR'S LAMENT.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, SUNDAY, FEB. 14.

"Whatever makes the man so late?—and on a Sunday, too!" "My dearest Gwen, it's almost ten; your girls are waiting you." "Then they must wait—Ah, there's the gate!" she jubilantly cried.

"And there's that most delightful postman coming up the ride." And in triumphantly they bear a much distended bag, For hurrying feet run out to meet his footsteps as they lag.

With frantic haste, the eager girls its burden now discuss. "Be quick! oh, do I—they're not for you; they're everyone for us!"

And out they fall, the great and small, the filigreed and scented: A copious sample of the ample Valentines invented;

Destined, I fear, to cause to-day a Sabbath desecration, As off they bear, each one her share, for private meditation.

Oh, Minister of Marriages! oh, Patron Saint of Lover! You might have made a roaring trade as jeweller or glover— See, Katie wears a dozen pairs ten-button mousquetaire!

While Gwen responds in diamonds—a spray to deck her hair!

And even little Monica a suitor would approach:

Her lover bold lays siege in gold—a sweet Etruscan brooch!

And yet I greet thee, Saint, to-day, with semi-malediction,

For Gwennie's class found out, alas! her teaching was a fiction;

And bonnie Kate for church was late—she blamed the Vicar's time—

And with a qualm I heard a psalm from Monica in rhyme!

Oh! Bishop, when your visitation falls, as now, on Sunday, Arrange, I pray, another day—or put it off till Monday.

If not, then, as a Parson, disestablished, disendowed,

Like other fry who have a cry, I'll join the motley crowd—

At Westminster, and there prefer a modest little Bill— (Which postmen's hearts in country parts with gratitude will fill)—

To make the matter penal and impose a heavy fine

On one who sends his lady friends a *Sunday Valentine*.

"DEAN PRIOR."

**BRIGHTON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, Price 1s. to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 1s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 1s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.**

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.  
CHEAP EXPRESS SERVICE WEEK-DAYS AND SUNDAYS.  
From Victoria, 1.50 p.m. and London Bridge 8 p.m.  
Fares—Single, 3s.; 2s.; 1s.; Return, 5s.; 4s.; 2s.  
Powerful paddle-steamers, with excellent cabins, &c.  
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.**

Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time-Book, to be obtained**

at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.

(By Order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**ANNO DOMINI THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,**

"The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉS Last Great PICTURE,** completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT,**

Lessee and Manager. Last Two Nights (for the present). THIS EVENING at Eight, HOODMAN BLIND, by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Cooper, Price, Mann, Hudson, Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, &c., and George Barrett; Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Pictures, Private Boxes, £1 1s. to 4s. 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe. THE LORD HARRY, a New and Original Romantic Play by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, will be produced on THURSDAY NEXT, FEB. 18. Seats being booked in order of application at the Box-office, open 9.30 to Five.

**THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers,**

Messrs. RUSSELL and BASHFORD.—LAST NIGHT of NADJEZA, by Maurice Barrymore. Messrs. Beerbohm Tree, Barrymore, Mackintosh, Maurice Forbes Dawson; Misses Lydia Foote, Georgina Drew, and Miss Emily Emily. MR. IRVING bers to say, in answer to numerous letters that only a limited number of seats for the Lyceum Theatre are in the hands of Libraries. Seats can frequently be booked at the Box-office of the Theatre when not obtainable elsewhere.—LYCEUM.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.**

SEASON under the management of Mrs. LANGTRY. EVERY EVENING at Eight, a new Comedy Drama, in five acts, entitled ENEMIES, written by Charles F. Coghlan, in which Mrs. LANGTRY and full Company will appear (see daily papers). Doors open 7.40, commence Eight. Carriages, Eleven. Box-office (Mr. Hamilton) open Eleven to Five. Theatre lighted by electricity. MATINEE of ENEMIES, SATURDAY NEXT, at Two.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'** NEW AND MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT, EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, THREE and EIGHT. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

**JAPAN IN LONDON.—Hyde Park.** DAILY, from 11 a.m.

to 10 p.m. THE JAPANESE VILLAGE, Rebuilt on an elaborate scale. All amusements Free, at Twelve, Three, Five, and Eight, in the new Shebaya, Native and Military Bands. Admission, One Shilling. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown; after Six, 1s. Children Half-price. Originator and Managing Director, TANNAKER BHICROSAN.

**MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF**

MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1885-6, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

Mesdames Isaac, Galli-Marié, Franck Duvernoy, Mons. Bertin-Tauffenberger, &c.

Mesdames Rose Delaunay, Thullier-Leloir, Noémie Vernon,

In APRIL will be PERFORMED: LA GRAND MOGLIE, LA PETITE MARIE, LA ROYAL PARFUMEUSE.

LA MASCOTTE, &amp;c.

In FEBRUARY and MARCH: LALLA ROUKH, LE ROI L'A DIT, GALATHÉE, LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.

LE TOREADOR, &amp;c.

THE INTERNATIONAL PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO, 1885-6.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MEETING.

The Stand will be opened every Monday and Friday until Feb. 28 for Pools and Matches.

A Second Series of Meetings will take place immediately after the GRAND CONCOURS, and be continued until March 10, every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday.

Thursday and Friday, March 11 and 12: The Grand Prix de Clothie. An object of Art and 350ft. will be followed by a Third Series of Meetings until April. For full particulars, address M. A. BLONDIN, Secretary, Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.

MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels:—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

**NICE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.** The Committee of Fêtes having found it necessary to renounce for this Season the International Regatta, which has generally followed the Nice Carnival, THE CLUB NAUTIQUE,

which reckons among its members a number of English Yachtsmen, have, with the concurrence of the Society of Nice, determined to uphold and continue the Nautical Fêtes, for the purpose they are now organising a special Regatta, which will take place on Wednesday the 7th, and Thursday, the 8th April, under very distinguished patronage. The CLUB NAUTIQUE has directed the Mentone Regattas during the last two years, and they were carried out in a competent and energetic spirit which gave general satisfaction; a guarantee that their initiation of the Nice Nautical Fêtes will be welcomed by the Foreign Colony, and, more particularly, the English visitors.

In cases where the Proprietors of English Yachts, classed A and B, should be desirous of participating or assisting at these Regattas, they will be registered as belonging to this Yacht-Racing Association. It is confidently hoped that a distinguished Royal personage will graciously accept the nomination as Honorary President of this Regatta. All applications should be addressed to

Mr. L. LE GROS, President of the Nautique Club, Quai Massena, Nice.

**WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?**

Send Name and County to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold Seal, with crest, 2os. Solid Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 2s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 Engravings, 3s. 9d. T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

**VISITING CARDS by CULLETON.**—Fifty best quality, 2s. 6d., post-free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 1s. Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 1s. 6d.

T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourne-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

The usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital was given, on Tuesday last, by Mr. Claude Trevor and Signor Mahnes, and consisted of music and recitations by Mdile Alice Roselli, Miss Kapff, Signor Mahnes, Miss Muriel Campbell (recitation), and Miss Beatrix Ullithorne (violin). The whole performance gave great pleasure to a numerous audience of the patients.

Messrs. Rudge and Co., the well-known bicycle and tricycle manufacturers of Coventry, whose business has been turned into a limited liability company, have just issued their illustrated price-list for the coming season, containing all their latest improvements. Their machines will be on view at the Stanley Show, held at the Royal Aquarrium, Westminster, which opens to-day, and continues during next week.

## NOVELS.

Whatever there is—and there is a great deal—of pretty fancy, of worthy thought, of dramatic power, of literary ability and grace, of romantic conception, in *Prince Otto*: by Robert Louis Stevenson (Chatto and Windus), is spoilt by what looks very like vanity, self-consciousness, and affectation. First of all we have a sort of introduction, in which the writer expresses his intention of some day producing a masterpiece, hinting at the same time that his present work is just not a masterpiece, by reason of bad health; and then we have a decidedly weak and purposeless romance, containing, however, some picturesque descriptions and some notable dialogues, scenes, and sketches of character; but disfigured by vile affected phrases, worthy of a modern euphuist. The author, having hit upon the word "plexus," instead of the more ordinary "compound," or "mixture," or "mass," or "lump," evidently falls in love with it, and proceeds to parade his learned discovery; a man is a "plexus of weaknesses" (pp. 80, 93, 203); we have (p. 68) a "fellow swinking in a byre" (that's good: "swinking" is good, and so is "byre"); we have (p. 79) a "small society macerating in its own abuses" (again, "macerating" is good); we have (p. 109) a man "stooping and submiss" (good, too, is "submiss"); we have (p. 130) a "pot of sorrow" (that, again, is good: "pot" is good, where plain folk say "cup," though, perhaps, "pot" is better for bathos); "you do Madame Von Rosen prodigal injustice" (p. 180, where "prodigal," for "prodigious," perhaps, is good); we have "Fabian helplessness" (p. 197, where "helplessness" is extremely good, as applied to the general who "cunctando restituit rem"); we have (p. 200), "a norn, a fate, a providence" (where "norn" is decidedly good); "the woodman was visibly commoved" (p. 248, where "commoved" is good); we have (p. 252) "the pool repeated her thus veiled" (where "repeated," instead of "reflected," is very good); and above all we have (p. 58) the "glimmer of the starshine" (which is particularly good, first, because the "glimmer of the stars" would have been quite enough, and then because sensible usage has established "starlight" for us, to avoid a somewhat unpleasant and difficult alliteration; but some men will not be as other men are, even in starlight). On the other hand, the learned writer gives us (p. 164) a "chaperone," the "Fabian helplessness" mentioned already, a "partie carré" (p. 202, instead of "carrée," a misprint, no doubt), and (p. 282) "we go incogniti, as we arrived" (according to which a single person, of the masculine gender, would go "incognito," used as an adjective, instead of as an adverb applied to both genders and both numbers). And many other little matters of the same kind there are, which tend to set one against otherwise good work, and to make one suspicious of the workman. Really great masters do not advertise their intention of producing a masterpiece; at any rate, they did not in the days when there were true masterpieces. A very weak point in the romance is that the honours of the little drama enacted (date and scene unknown, language a mixture of the antique and the very modern), remain with the loosest moral character in the book, which is—so far—an apology for women without the special virtue of their sex.

Just the sort of melodramatic story which so many readers of fiction love is *A Knave of Diamonds*: by Keith Robertson (Edinburgh: William Paterson), with robberies of diamonds, clairvoyance, mesmerism, electrobiology, murder, attempts to murder, jealousy, vitriol-throwing (or the like), the Morgue, and all the rest of it. And the story is very well written, well enough, at any rate, for its purpose; an interesting one, too, of its kind, as soon as the first fifty pages or so have been perused, and the narrator (for the story is autobiographical) ceases to be the "poor, beggarly, London journalist" of whom we may have had rather too much in novels, and whom we may know rather too well by looking in a glass or otherwise, and comes into his handsome legacy, which enables him to live like a gentleman at large, follow his inclinations, investigate the mystery which perplexes him, put himself in peril of his life, see strange sights, be the friend and patron of a French detective, and become an eye-witness of a murder committed by an unwilling and even unwitting agent under the influence of the mysterious "will power" exercised by a fiend in the form of a woman. It is a horrible tale, and will be found very soothing and comforting, if not too sweetly thrilling, by the "gentle reader" and other amiable vampires. Nor are the fifty odd introductory pages without the interest that belongs to expectations aroused; it is only that hackneyed idea of the impudent journalist which has a deterrent effect just at first.

Mr. W. W. Story owes much to the inspiration of Italy, and his most recent work, *Fiammetta: a Summer Idyl*

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

## GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

The twenty-fifth annual exhibition of this institute was opened to the public on Tuesday, the 2nd inst. During the past year the Galleries, in Sauchiehall-street, have undergone considerable alterations; the general internal arrangements being very much improved, though with a slight sacrifice of wall space, so that members have been restricted to contributing three pictures instead of four, as was formerly their privilege. The better disposition of the smaller rooms is, however, an adequate compensation. This year's exhibition is of not more than average merit. There seems to be no striking advance made by the Scottish artists, either in technique or in poetic conception of their subjects. But, on the other hand, there is no failing off. Breezy skies, misty hills, and romantic lakes still adorn the walls, executed with a touch so bold and free as to border on the "sketchy," but with a fine sense of light and colour. In the higher walks of art, however, we find that the exhibitors all hail from the south. The magnificent picture of Memphis—"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi"—(209), by Frederick Goodall, R.A., has no rival north of the Tweed. This is, indeed, the finest work in the galleries, and it is *facile princeps*. Design and execution are alike beautiful. The calm of centuries is floating over the fallen Colossus, and the solitary Arab, gazing in wondering admiration on the ruined temples which his forefathers had perhaps helped to destroy, impresses the imagination with the evanescence of mere human grandeur as compared with the evergreen youth of Nature. The "Wood Nymph" (337), by Burne Jones, A.R.A., is one of the few striking pictures sent this year on loan. "Prisoners of War" (71) by W. F. Yeames, R.A., presents us with a touching incident in naval warfare—the pale, wounded "midshipmite" appealing to our sympathy as well as to that of the surrounding crowd, of whose tender-heartedness the gendarme in charge seems rather suspicious. Nevertheless, the subject hardly warrants the use of so extensive a canvas. Another naval subject, relating to the same period of English history, but giving us a view of the other side of the question, is depicted with much energy by W. H. Overend, in his "Victory" (128). J. M'Whirter's large picture of "Iona" (14) is an excellent specimen of Scottish contemporary art. It is a faithful representation of the place, and as a pure landscape it would be difficult to surpass it. But the glamour of association that hangs over "The Holy Isle" is wanting. A similar criticism may be passed on W. M'Taggart's "Message from the Sea" (34), a title hardly suggested by the picture itself. In portraiture, the palm must be awarded to George Reid, R.S.A., for his fine picture of "Ex-Lord Provost Ure, of Glasgow" (21). "A Highland Glen" (181), by Louis B. Hurt; "A Question of Common Rights" (212), J.S. Noble; "Sea and Shore" (342), Colin Hunter; "After the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir" (365), Mrs. Butler; "An Arab Interior" (396), Arthur Melville; "Don Quixote and the Galley Slaves" (405), J.E. Hodgson, R.A.; "The Little Knitter" (560), Harlamoff; "The Clyde" (589), David Murray, A.R.S.A., are amongst those most worthy of mention.

Of the water colours, for which one room is set apart, "The Gold Room" (662), by Anna Alma-Tadema; a picture on a subject from "Æsop's Fables" (660), by John Eyre; and "A Sirocco—Venice" (705), by Clara Montalba, are the most attractive.

The collection of sculpture is small, and, with the exception of W. Grant Stevenson's model for a Wallace statue, to be erected in Aberdeen, and a bust (780) by John Mossman, hardly calls for special notice.

A word of praise is due to the hanging committee, who have performed their uncongenial task very well.

At the Burlington Fine-Arts Club there has been brought together a loan collection of engravings and drawings of the Turner water colours now being exhibited at Burlington House. As supplementary, and in a sense explanatory, of the original paintings, these engravings are of the greatest interest and value. In many cases—as, for example, in the "Chain Bridge over the Tees" (6), "Derwentwater" (8), "Ashby-de-la-Zouche" (9), and others—we have the preliminary etchings and the finished proofs, as well as, in some cases, one or more intermediate states, showing the development of the artist's views and intentions. In one case, that of "Derwentwater"—also called "Keswick" (another testimony to Turner's carelessness of topographic accuracy)—we have an early trial proof touched by the artist, with the following instructions in his handwriting on the margin: "More bold work—full of stones, large and small. N.B.—The bow not so advanced by rock." And the result shows that the withdrawal of the rainbow, as directed by Turner, gives a far more luminous character to the scene. Another interesting drawing is that called "Glaucus and Scylla" (18), an adaptation of the "Chryses on the Seashore," now exhibited at the Royal Academy. Although this work was engraved for the "Liber Studiorum," it was never seen by the artist in its final state; and we must congratulate Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, who is the present possessor of this and many other of the copperplates of the pictures in the "Liber," on the skill and delicacy with which he has reproduced "Glaucus and Scylla" in its finished state. The rendering of the sea, which now reflects the light it previously absorbed in its dark fold, is especially charming. Mr. H. Virtue Tebb's "Falls of the Reichenbach" (17), although, possibly, only one out of a dozen or more drawings to which a similar name was assigned by the artist, is most interesting, as bearing certain internal evidence, supported by historical connection, that this was the sketch made on the spot by Turner, and that on which the "Farne Hall" and other drawings of the same scene were founded. The exhibition, which, through the courtesy of the members of the Burlington Fine-Arts Club, is open to the public under very slight restrictions, owes its existence almost wholly to the liberality of Mr. W. G. Rawlinson and Mr. J. E. Taylor, who seem to be generous rivals in the race for Turner engravings.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society will give the opening performance at the new theatre which has just been built at Oxford, this (Saturday) evening, when they will produce Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," arranged for the stage by Messrs. Bourchier and Courtney.

The London Corporation have voted 250 guineas out of the City's cash in aid of the Great Northern Central Hospital; 100 guineas to the Female Mission to the Fallen; 200 guineas to St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin; 50 guineas to Homes for Aged Poor; and 100 guineas towards the objects of the Volunteer Forces Benevolent Association.

Lord Granville, as president of the association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, has issued an appeal for assistance. It is through the work of the association, as his Lordship points out, that the pure oral system is fast becoming the national one, and that a new means of livelihood has been opened up for ladies, who, as teachers on this system, readily find either public or private employment.

## SAMOA.

The following account of Samoa is furnished by a special informant, Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke:

"Samoa is the native name of the 'Navigators,' a group of little volcanic islands in the South Pacific Ocean, lying in the direct highway between San Francisco and New Zealand, and distant about 630 miles from Suva, the chief port of Fiji. These islands stretch east and west about 200 miles, and contain an area of 1650 square miles. Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuila are the more important islands of the group, both politically and commercially. The remaining nine, two of which are uninhabited, contain but 150 square miles between them, and are comparatively uninteresting. Savaii, although nearly three times the size of Tutuila, and possessing, in proportion, much more land fit for cultivation, is less valuable from a political point of view. Its shore is low and rocky, and the only harbour, Mataatua, is unsafe between the months of February and March, owing to the north-easterly gales which prevail during that period of the year.

"The isle of Upolu, on the other hand, is an extremely important possession. Not only has it a large population, and a great acreage under cultivation, but it possesses at least three harbours, one of which, Apia, now practically under the control of the Germans, is a good-sized bay, and forms a safe anchorage for ships, which enter through a break in the coral reef.

"Apia is the present seat of the Samoan Government, if Government it can be called; for, notwithstanding the existence of reciprocal treaties between Great Britain, Germany, America, and Samoa, giving to each of the Great Powers equal rights in the islands, the Germans have arrogated to themselves powers over and beyond those which they have any right to maintain. The German Consul, by an unconstitutional act, has hoisted his flag at the seat of Government, and has refused to allow the Samoan flag to appear there, in accordance with the convention entered into between the native Government and the Great Powers. This and similar actions on the part of German residents have again raised the subject of the annexation of these islands by a foreign Power, and brought their existence more vividly than heretofore before the eye of Europe.

"Tutuila, the most eastern and smallest of the three islands, is more mountainous than either Savaii or Upolu, and possesses several fine harbours on both sides. Pango-pango Harbour, the American naval station, is perhaps the most perfectly land-locked harbour in the South Pacific Ocean. Its entrance is three-quarters of a mile wide, with soundings of thirty-six fathoms. 'About a mile from the entrance,' says Captain Wakeman, who at the instance of a private firm examined its fitness for a coaling station, 'we open out the inner harbour, which extends one mile west, at a breadth of 3000 ft. abreast of Goat Island, to 11,000 ft. at the head of the bay, carrying soundings from eighteen fathoms to six fathoms; while the reefs which skirt the shore are from 200 ft. to 300 ft. wide, almost awash at low water.' The craters of extinct volcanoes abound everywhere, and many signs and traces exist showing the volcanic origin of these islands.

"Copra is the chief article of export, and the greater part is made upon the German plantations. Cotton, too, is produced in large quantities, and in 1882 cotton to the value of £17,400 was shipped in the port of Apia. During the last fifteen years, notwithstanding the ravages of civil war, Samoan trade has largely increased. In 1870 the imports were valued at £42,800, and the exports at £25,600, whereas in 1883 they had risen to £93,607 and £52,074 respectively. Great quantities of sugar-cane are grown, and tobacco is also cultivated. Tropical vegetation abounds everywhere, from the top of the mountains, in some cases, to the water's edge in others; cocoanuts, oranges, lemons, pines, bananas, and all kinds of fruit are produced; while good wood, both for canoes and furniture use, is easily obtained. The natives themselves are a fine handsome race of a light copper-brown colour, lively and hospitable. They are clever at mat and net making, and expert in the art of carving. They wear garments made of native cloth, which is the inner bark of the paper mulberry beaten out on a board and joined together with arrowroot. They show the greatest ingenuity in the management of their canoes, some of which are very large, and capable of weathering roughish weather. Their language is entirely their own, and differs widely from the Maori and other Polynesian dialects. The missionaries have worked wonders among them, and many are professing Christians, and show signs of good education."

Our Views of Apia and Pango-pango Harbour are from sketches by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, authoress of "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," and of other interesting books of travel.

Mr. Curtis-Bennett, of the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed to the office of police magistrate at Bow-street, vacated by the death of Mr. Flowers.

Mr. Sala's charming essays written in hot countries, entitled "Under the Sun," have been published in a handsome illustrated edition. An etched portrait of Mr. Sala, after a photograph, is an excellent likeness.

The various Australasian Governments have consented to a total expenditure approaching £40,000 on their courts at the forthcoming Indian and Colonial Exhibition. The bulk of the exhibits are now on their way to England from New South Wales and the other colonies. There will be the largest gathering of Australasians in London ever known. The Government of New South Wales has sent a cable message to Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P. for Canterbury, notifying his appointment as a Commissioner to represent that colony at the exhibition. The Hon. Sir Alexander Stuart, ex-Colonial Secretary of New South Wales, who will act as Chief Executive Commissioner, has left Sydney for England.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on the 4th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi. The silver medal of the institution, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum and £10, were granted to Mr. John Hayter, in acknowledgment of his long and valuable co-operation as coxswain of the Brooke (Isle of Wight) life-boat during the past twenty-six years, in which period eighty-four lives have been saved by the boat. The silver medal and £1 were also awarded to Mr. Richard Roberts, second coxswain of the Llanddulas life-boat, in recognition of his gallant services on a recent occasion; £200 was granted in aid of the local subscription for the relief of the widow and three young children of James William Henney, who was drowned by the capsizing of the Whitehaven life-boat on Jan. 7. Rewards amounting to £409 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month; and payments amounting to £1799 were made on the 290 life-boat establishments of the institution.—A new boat has been sent to Bude by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, to replace the one which was given twenty-three years ago to this station by a lady named Elizabeth Moore Garden, and after whom the boat was called. During this time she has been instrumental in saving the lives of twenty-three persons.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

## SECOND NOTICE.

The most entertaining of any of the magazine contributions of the month falls to the lot of *Macmillan*, which scores a very distinct success with "The Great Gladstone Myth," a most amusing parody on the views of the solar mythologists. Point after point is taken up, and Mr. Gladstone is identified, on irrefragable evidence, with the Great White Hare of the Algonkin Indians, and proved to be the centre of a lavish system of sacrifice, propitiated by offerings of axes, velocipedes, and trouserings. Equally valuable light is cast upon the origin and signification of Beaconsfield, Huxley, Irving, and other mythical personages. "A Champion of her Sex," by Professor Minto, is an excellent account of Christine De Pisan, a popular authoress of the middle ages, and almost as remarkable a figure in her way as Joan of Arc, whom she lived to celebrate. "Long Odds" is a most thrilling tale of an adventure with certain lions, by Mr. Haggard, after Miss Schreiner the best portrayer of South African life. A sketch of Moses Mendelssohn and "The Arolliad," an epic-idyl in the manner of Clough, add to the attractions of an excellent number.

*Blackwood* is chiefly distinguished by its fiction, "Fortune's Wheel" being satisfactorily concluded. "The Crack of Doom" is continued with the intellectual brilliancy which has marked it from the first. Mr. Gladstone, in a vision, receives much excellent advice from the shade of Cardinal Richelieu respecting the management of Ireland, and is treated with a civility which he will hardly experience again in *Blackwood*. The little-known island of Carpathos, in the Archipelago, is very agreeably described; Mr. Laurence Oliphant's reminiscences of Italy and Greece are continued, and Mr. Froude's "Oceana" supplies matter for a very interesting review.

We are informed by the writer of "The Great Gladstone Myth" that "the dispute between Gladstone and Huxley as to what occurred at the Creation, is a repetition of the same dispute between Wainamoinen and Joukahainen in the Kaleala of the Finns." "Joukahainen" has his say in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, in a style at once massive and incisive, as usual; but, as well as his antagonist, is authoritatively set right by Professor Drummond, who takes upon himself the rôle of Elihu in the Book of Job. Mr. Arnold-Forster returns an indignant No! to his own question of "Shall we desert the Loyalists?" and demands guarantees, which he evidently thinks that Mr. Parnell will be unable to give. Mr. Bryce is no less explicit on this particular point, though groping and hesitating on the rest. Mr. Barnett points out that the cause of philanthropy at the East-End is rather hindered than helped by gusts of sensationalism. Dr. Burney Yeo discusses the influence of alcoholic stimulants and other "food accessories" upon digestion. Mr. G. K. Cooke gives a poor account of the condition of Samoa among the foreign adventurers that scramble for the country. Mrs. Gaskell's sketch of Cobbett is rather rambling; but Cobbett is always an attractive figure.

The leading contribution to the *National Review* is a weighty deliverance on the subject of the Land Laws, from Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, who, while stoutly maintaining that the existing law is nearly what it ought to be, admits that "one half of it is expressed in such an intricate technical way that it is hardly capable of being really understood." He therefore advocates reform—a great concession for a lawyer. Mr. Malloch's fiction is brightly written, but not interesting as a novel. Among other constituents of an interesting number are Mr. Pollock's criticism of the Lyceum "Faust," praising the performance, but condemning the play; Mr. Courthope's appreciative review of "Glenaveril," Mr. Finch-Hatton's vindication of the wish of the North Queenslanders for separation; and the Bishop of Peterborough's speech on Church patronage, by reprinting which his Lordship has saved himself the trouble of writing an article.

The *Scottish Review* justifies its title by articles on Scottish Peerage and the prospects of the Conservative cause in Scotland, both of considerable interest to readers beyond the Tweed. "Political Side Lights and Prospects" takes a wider range, and contains some valuable remarks on the idiosyncrasies of Democratic electoral bodies. The most generally acceptable article in the number, however, will be that on the Queen, in anticipation of the approaching jubilee of her accession. The "Greville Memoirs," also, are well reviewed; and there is a remarkable article on the curious subject of judicial astrology, indicating a much more profound acquaintance with it than reviewers in general consider necessary.

The chief attraction in *Longmans' Magazine* is the continuation of Mr. Besant's "Children of Gibeon," a spirited work, full of lights and shades, in the author's peculiarly dramatic and effective style. "Lady Desborough's Literary Début," by Miss E. Nesbit, is a vigorous short story. Mr. Hamerton's copious advice on the care of pictures and prints should alone be worth more than the price of the number to any collector—and who is not a collector, more or less?

Mr. James's "Princess Casamassima" is continued, and Mrs. Oliphant's "County Gentleman" is concluded in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The other contributions are of no special mark. "The Master," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is a pretty story, which also has a good criticism on the character of Henry Fawcett, by Dr. Japp; some charming popular songs from Carpathos, by Mr. J. T. Bent; and a paper on classical studies, by Mr. H. S. Salt, drawing attention to what is really the great blot upon them as pursued in our public schools—the disproportionate importance allowed to mere grammar. But the gem of the number is Mrs. Brett's report of her brilliantly successful experiment in farming on a small scale. Both Miss Braddon's "Mohawks" and the anonymous "That Other Person," the serial tales on which *Belgravia* mainly relies, are above the average of fictitious writing. There is also an interesting sketch of some portions of the Pacific Archipelago.

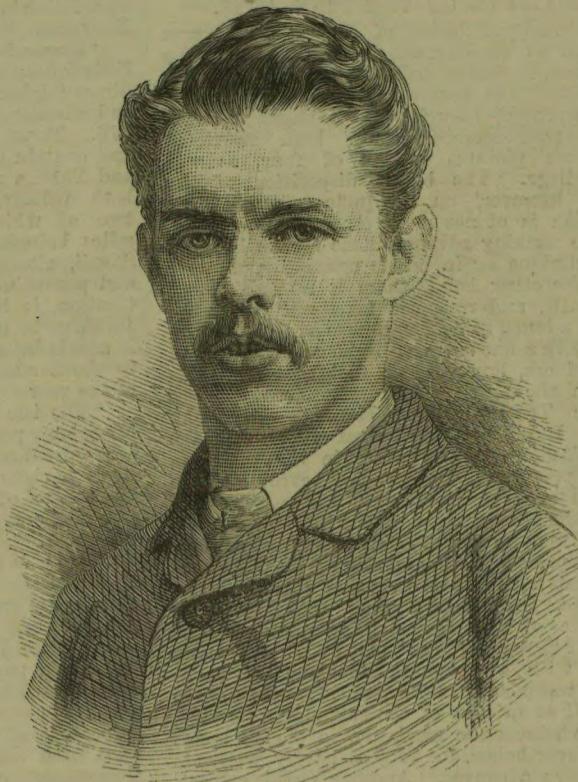
*Wideawake*, the new American children's monthly, promises to be a desirable addition to its class, not too numerously represented, notwithstanding the approved excellence of *St. Nicholas*, which shows no diminution. The *Argosy* has some very good short stories.

We have also received the *Theatre, Knowledge, Moniteur de la Mode, World of Fashion, La Saison, Le Follet, Gazette of Fashion, Red Dragon, Good Words, Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, The Quiver, Cassell's Family Magazine, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Merry England, Leisure Hour, Book-Lore, United Service Magazine, Fore's Sporting Notes and Sketches, Sporting Mirror, Harper's Young People, and others.*

The Prince of Wales presided on the 3rd inst., at a crowded meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, when the prize of 100 guineas for the best silos was awarded to Mr. J. J. Morris, of Lulham Court, Herefordshire, and the prize for the silo stack to Mr. C. G. Johnson, of Oakwood Croft, Darlington. The country meeting of 1887 is to be held at Newcastle-on-Tyne.



THE LATE MR. R. T. ALLEN,  
KILLED IN BURMAH.



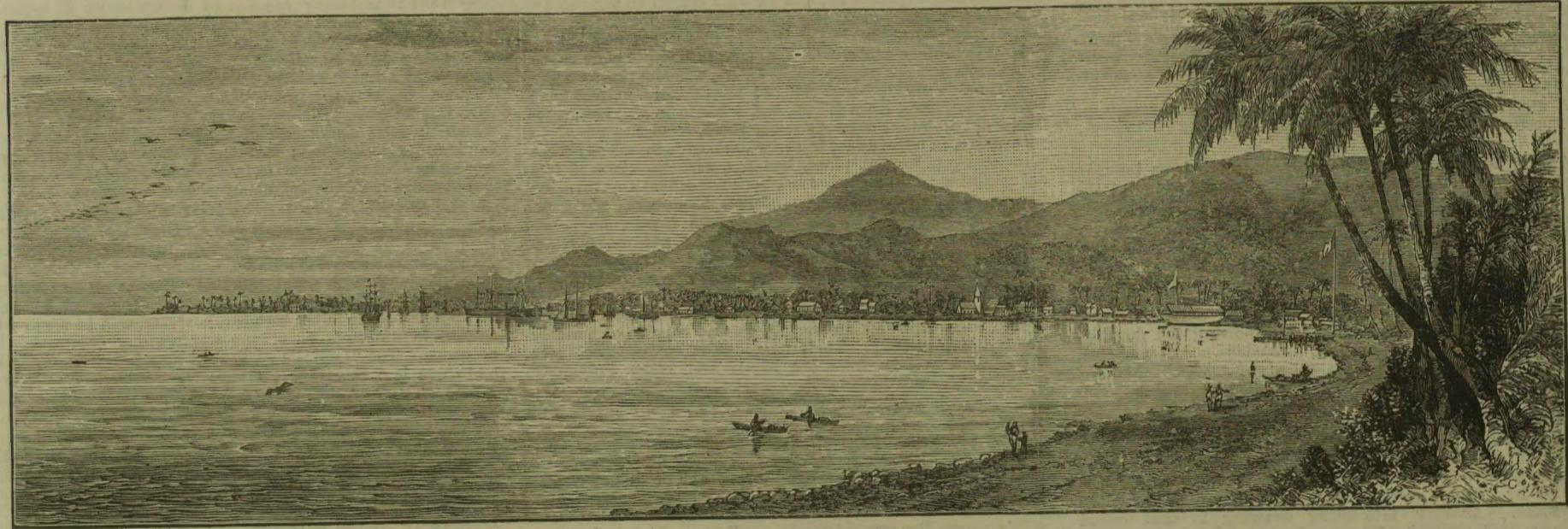
THE LATE MR. G. W. ROBERTS,  
KILLED IN BURMAH.

#### ENGLISHMEN KILLED IN BURMAH.

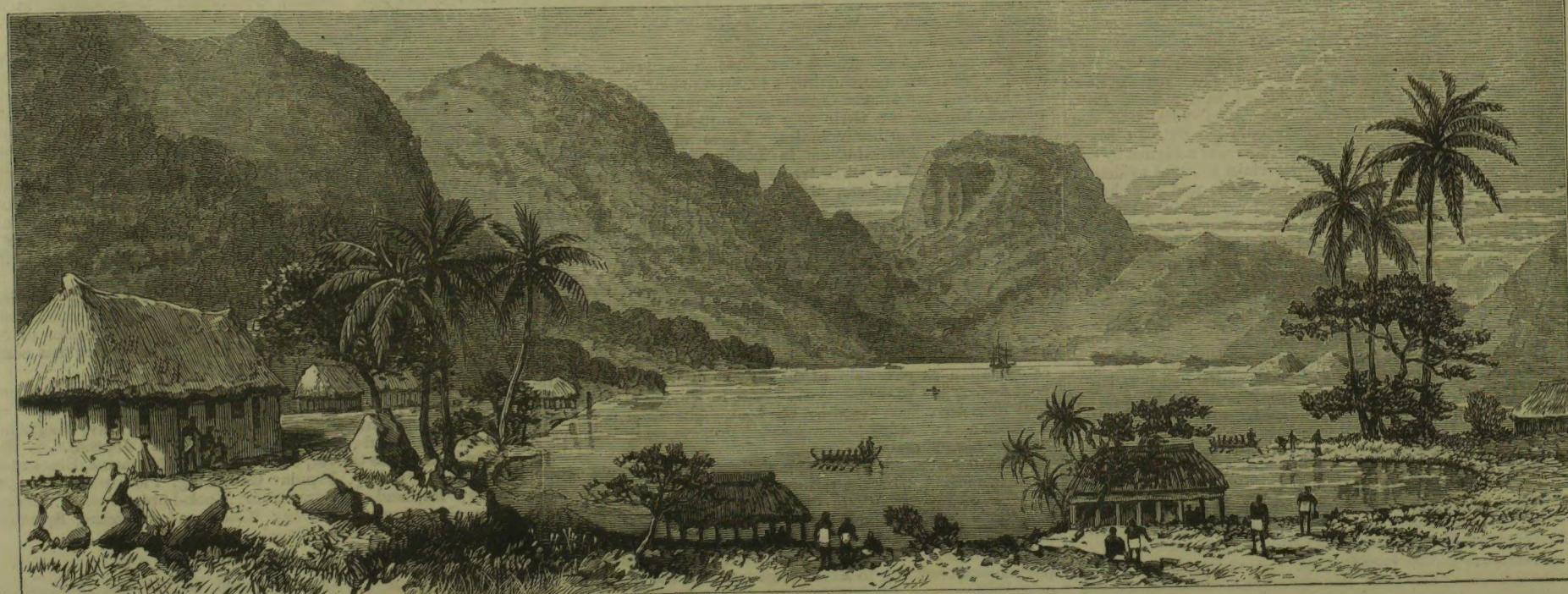
A deplorable incident, not belonging to the military operations in Burmah, was reported some weeks ago in connection with the disorders in that country at the time of the arrival of General Prendergast's expedition. In the service of the Bombay and Burmah Trading Company, stationed at Mingin, on the Chindwin river, in Upper Burmah, near the old British frontier, about Nov. 22 last, there were six young Englishmen, all of whom, notwithstanding the orders sent them by the company's agent at Rangoon to retire on Mandalay, resolved to remain at their posts. Two of them were Mr. George William Roberts and Mr. Robert Thomas Allen, whose Portraits we have

engraved for this publication. They and their comrades felt, as we learn from Mr. Roberts's private letters, that in consideration of the company's valuable interests at Mingin, and the great care it had always shown for those whom it employed, they could not think only of their own safety. They relied also, in the event of being attacked, on their ability to defend themselves in the company's steam-launch, which, in view of such a contingency, they made bullet-proof, and stored with provisions sufficient to carry them northward to a point in the Chindwin River a few days' march from the friendly State of Munipore. Upon hearing of the outbreak of hostilities, they took to the steam-launch, with the idea of carrying out this intention. On their way up stream they were attacked from

the banks, and were told that a steamer full of "dacoits," or robbers, was on the way down to exterminate them. On retracing their course, they soon encountered a large armed steamer, which had been sent to massacre them at Mingin. The steamer hoisted a white flag, and called upon the Englishmen to surrender. Three of them did so; the other three, Roberts, Allen, and Moncur, refused. In his previous letters to his family, Roberts, while repeatedly making light of his being in danger, had declared that, if attacked, he and Allen were resolved never to be taken alive. The steam-launch was, however, carried at a rush by a body of the Burmese. Allen was at once cut down, and both Roberts and Moncur were severely wounded and disabled. The Burmese



APIA, ISLE OF UPOLU.



PANGO-PANGO HARBOUR, ISLE OF TUTUILA.



OLD CRONIES.—BY MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.,  
IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

were proceeding to tie them up as prisoners, when both leapt overboard, in the hope, perhaps, of reaching the shore. They were carried away by the force of the stream, and drowned. It is believed that both their bodies were recovered; and, if so, they will be buried, with full honours, beside their comrade Allen, at Mingin. Mr. Bernard, the British Chief Commissioner of Burmah, has sent a sympathetic telegram to Roberts's relations, stating that he and his companions perished through devotion to duty. If Roberts, Allen, and Moncur were over-sensitive in refusing to surrender, "bare-headed and bare-footed"—for these were the terms to be imposed—it is still honourable that they preferred certain death to what they believed would be disgraceful to the English name in a barbarous country. Mr. G. Roberts was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Davies Roberts, J.P. for the county of Pembroke. Mr. George Roberts was born in 1861, and received his education at Merchant Taylors' School and at Heidelberg. He went out to Burmah early in 1883, and, after acquiring a thorough colloquial knowledge of the language by living in a Buddhist monastery several months, entered the service of the Bombay and Burmah Trading Company. Mr. R. T. Allen was a son of Mr. Thomas Allen, of Connaught-square, Hyde Park.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

It was inevitable that the magnificent production of "Faust" at the Lyceum should meet with its attendant parody. It is the fate of all successful plays that a little harmless fun should be suggested at their expense. And it is well that the rôle of jester should be played by Mr. Burnand, who in the case of "Diplomacy," "Fédora," "Theodora," and many another popular play, happily caught the salient points and caricatured, with good taste, and without offence. That Mr. J. L. Toole would be selected to play the comic Mephistopheles in imitation of "my friend Henry Irving"; that Miss Marie Linden would make a very charming Margaret in any possible burlesque; that Mr. E. D. Ward, who sings such a good comic song, would enact Faust, were foregone conclusions. The only favourite that we miss from the cast is Miss Emily Thorne, who would probably have been generally preferred as Martha, or as Mr. Burnand here calls her "Margaret's Ma," than any actor, however clever, who was forced to put on petticoats. Scarcely a point in the Lyceum play has escaped the observation of the humourist. The effects of steam, the electric swords, the magic wine-bottle; the bed-room scene of Margaret, so slyly suggestive of "Box and Cox"; the revels on the Brocken Mountains, and all the various peculiarities of the performers, have duly passed through the crucible—have been tested, and proved sound. It has been observed, not without justice, that at a certain point in the story Mr. Burnand's fun seems to flag. The burlesque begins better than it ends. But there is good reason for this, because the serious portions of "Faust," the agony of Margaret, her prayer at the Virgin's shrine, her torture in church, her humiliation at the well, her imprisonment, madness, and death, are subjects which no author like Mr. Burnand would dare to touch in a burlesque. There are authors, no doubt, who would do it, and who have reverence for very little that is solemn; but Mr. Burnand is not one of them; so that when the serious play of "Faust" becomes interesting to the spectator, the parody seems dull. Since the first night, when nothing seemed ready—the scenery would not work, the effects failed, and the text of the book was imperfectly rendered—another "happy thought" has come to the author. He introduces a second Mephisto, who, in the person of Henry Irving, comes to protest against the liberties Mr. Toole has taken with his play. This is an excellent idea, and, had it been elaborated, it would have been more valuable than it is found to be at present. It is a pity that clever little plays of this kind, that require elaborate setting and diligent rehearsing, are ever performed before they are ready. The best play in the world never recovers the damper it receives from preliminary disappointment. There is no difficulty whatever in getting a play into such a state of preparation that, accidents excepted, there should be no hitch at all.

Mr. B. C. Stephenson's version of the German "Probefeil," called "A Woman of the World," recently produced at a Haymarket matinée, did not give unmixed satisfaction. The serious and comic interests were constantly at discord, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree's clever but over-accentuated personation of a conceited music professor seemed to put the whole thing instantly out of drawing. Such a violent caricature, funny as it is, is inadmissible in comedy, and the majority of the players, notably Mr. Brookfield, played with serious comedy intention. Miss Helen Barry was warmly applauded for her performance of a character that scarcely suited her. Mr. Kemble and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar did exceedingly well in strongly marked bits of character. Mr. Stephenson has done his share of the work remarkably well; but it is to be feared that this is an instance of a German play that, however clever in the original, is not easily accepted in England. It should be known, however, that in Germany, Blumenthal is looked upon as a writer of high-class comedy, and that this particular play of his is never regarded as a farce.

Great activity will soon prevail in the theatrical world. On Saturday, the long-expected English version of "Antoinette Rigaud," originally produced at the Théâtre Français, will be produced at the St. James's Theatre; a revival of Mr. Gilbert's "Engaged," with Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Barrymore, and Miss Norreys, is looming in the distance at the Haymarket; and "Lord Harry," the Cavalier and Roundhead play written by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, is fixed for Thursday next, at the Princess's. C. S.

Mr. J. N. Ellaby gives the first of three recitals at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, this (Saturday) afternoon, the first part being a selection from "The Merchant of Venice," and the second part miscellaneous. He will recite from "Julius Caesar" next Saturday, and from "Much Ado About Nothing" on Saturday, the 27th inst.

At a meeting of the principal trustees of the British Museum, held last week, the well-known Egyptian scholar, Mr. Le Page Renouf, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, was selected to succeed the late Dr. Birch as Keeper of Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum; and Mr. A. Stuart Murray, an assistant in the department of Classical Antiquities, was appointed to fill the post of keeper of that department, vacated by the retirement of Mr. C. T. Newton.

Our Portraits of new members of the House of Commons are from photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company; Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, at the Crystal Palace; Mr. C. F. Treble, of Buckingham Palace-road and Brixton; Mr. Ambler, of Manchester; Messrs. Turner and Drinkwater, Hull; Mr. W. Wright, Bethnal-green-road; Mr. E. Kelley, Plymouth; Mr. Sherwood, of Workington; and M. Le Jeune (Joliot), Paris. The portraits of the two young gentlemen murdered in Burmah, Mr. G. W. Roberts and Mr. R. T. Allen, were photographed by Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond, and T. Fall, of Baker-street.

### MUSIC.

One of the specialties of this week was the orchestral concert given by Mr. Walter Bache, at St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon. The programme comprised three pianoforte concertos—Beethoven's third (in C minor), Liszt's second (in A major), and Chopin's No. 1 (in E minor). Beethoven's concerto was given with the elaborate cadenza composed by Liszt, and Chopin's work was performed as recast by Carl Tausig, who has greatly enhanced the effect of the composition. Mr. Bache's performances were throughout worthy of his reputation. Mr. Winch contributed songs by Liszt, and Mr. Dannreuther conducted the concert and accompanied the vocal pieces.

Last Saturday's afternoon popular concert included the first performance, by Signor Bottesini, of a "Bolero" for the double-bass, on which the gentleman just named is a performer of unrivalled excellence. The piece is melodious and graceful, besides containing many passages for the display of that florid execution which the artist commands with such unfailing skill.

Last week's London Ballad Concert—an afternoon performance—was of the usual varied interest; songs, new and old, having been effectively rendered by Madame Valleria, Misses M. Davies, and E. Rees, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. B. Foote; and part-music by Mr. Venables' excellent choir. The novelties were "Fine Feathers" (J. E. German), and "A Lark's Flight" (F. L. Moir). The vocal pieces were well contrasted by M. De Pachmann's and Signor Bottesini's fine performances, respectively, on the pianoforte and double-bass. This week's evening concert was of similar attractiveness.

The Royal College of Music gave a students' concert in the West Theatre, Royal Albert Hall, on Thursday week, when the performances—vocal and instrumental—of the pupils testified to the efficiency of the course of instruction pursued at the institution.

Besides the proceedings of last week already noticed, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's first vocal recital of the second series took place at Prince's Hall, and a new course of historical performances of harpsichord and pianoforte music was begun by Herr Bonawitz, at 175, New Bond-street.

Last Thursday afternoon the first public performance of pupils of the operatic class of the Royal Academy of Music took place at the Haymarket Theatre, the operetta "Jessy Lea," by Sir G. A. Macfarren, having been chosen for the occasion. Of this event we must speak next week.

The seventh concert of the fifteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society took place this week, when the programme consisted of Sir Arthur Sullivan's sacred cantata "The Martyr of Antioch," conducted by the composer, and Hiller's "Song of Victory."

At the Opéra Comique, three performances of "Sappho" were announced—beginning this week—for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street. The remaining dates are Feb. 17 and 18. The work is a lyric romance; the poem and lyrics by Dr. Harry Lobb, the music by Walter Slaughter. Miss Harriet Jay was announced for the title-character.

This (Saturday) afternoon the Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed with the eleventh performance of the thirtieth series. The programme consists of Dvorák's dramatic cantata "The Spectre's Bride" and the same composer's "Patriotic Hymn." The choruses will be rendered by the choir of Novello's concerts, and Mr. Mackenzie will conduct the performances.

Yesterday (Friday) evening the Sacred Harmonic Society's fourth concert of the season took place, the oratorio announced having been M. Gounod's "Mors et Vita."

The Highbury Philharmonic Society gave the second concert of the eighth season on Monday evening, when the programme included Mr. Cowen's cantata "Sleeping Beauty" and Dr. J. F. Bridges' setting of the hymn "Rock of Ages," two of the works produced at last year's Birmingham Festival.

The Philharmonic Society's detailed prospectus of the seventy-fourth season is now issued. The six concerts (on March 4 and 18, April 1 and 15, May 19, and June 2) will include the production of a new "Intermezzo and Tantarra," by Mr. H. Gadsby; an overture, entitled "Graziella," by Signor Bottesini; a new "Suite," composed for the society by Herr Moszkowski; and a new symphony by M. Saint-Saëns, also written for the society. The concerts will again be conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," in an English adaptation by Mr. W. Grist, was produced by Mr. Carl Rosa's Company at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Thursday week. The opera, which was given in Italian at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1877, appears to have been much more successful in its English version. The performance is said to have been generally excellent. The characters of the Queen, Casilda, Ruy Blas, and Don Gallust were sustained, respectively, by Madame Marie Roze, Miss M. Burton, Mr. Valentine Smith, and Mr. L. Crotty; other parts having been represented by Miss Dickerson, and Messrs. Burgon, Campbell, Beaumont, Mostyn, and Gilbert. Doubtless, the opera will be given during Mr. Carl Rosa's season at Drury-Lane Theatre, beginning on May 31.

The *Musical World* announces the offer of a prize of ten guineas for the best song by any composer resident in England, to be sent in before May 1, the award to be made by a committee of well-known musicians. The journal referred to has enlarged its size, and improved its paper and typography, besides having reduced its price to three pence. Dr. Hueffer has succeeded the late Mr. J. W. Davison as editor.

### "OLD CRONIES."

This picture, which is in the Exhibition of the Royal Institute, is the latest work of Mr. Seymour Lucas, the newly-elected Associate of the Royal Academy. Its merits as a painting are equal to those of the former performances which have earned him that distinction. The Engraving will enable our readers to enjoy the humorous conception of character, and to recall, perhaps from some figure in Sir Walter Scott's historical romances, or in stories of old English life in the seventeenth century, the type of this good-natured soldier, who seems here to be idly spending a vacant hour in the guard-room of a castle, beguiling the time with a comfortable potation and with the company of a familiar parrot. The man and the bird have often been consoled with each other's society, in a cell which might be gloomy and depressing to one confined there, like many captives of former times, and deprived of all means and tokens of cheerful entertainment; but, under present conditions, with the consciousness of freedom in his intervals of military service, our gallant friend may be content to hum over again that charming verse of a contemporary Cavalier poet:—

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
These for an hermitage.

At St. Mary's Abbey, Mill-hill, a turret clock by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill, has been erected by order of the Lady Abbess. The new clock is of the best construction, with all recent improvements.

### THE COURT.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove yesterday week through Cowes and Newport. The Princess of Leiningen arrived at Osborne in the afternoon on a visit to her Majesty. The Marquis of Salisbury arrived, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby was invited. The Queen went out last Saturday morning, attended by Lady Churchill. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg left Osborne for Bagshot Park. Colonel Sir Henry Ewart, K.C.B., attended the Prince and Princess to Southampton, in her Majesty's yacht Alberta (Captain Fullerton). The Queen held a Council at Osborne, where the members of the late Cabinet resigned the seals of office, after which they returned to town. The newly-appointed Ministers arrived at Osborne shortly afterwards, and received the seals from her Majesty, returning to town in the evening. The Queen and the Princess of Leiningen attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. Canon Prothero officiated. The Queen and the Princess of Leiningen drove out in the afternoon, attended by Lady Churchill; and her Majesty went out on Monday morning, attended by the Hon. Horatia Stopford. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg returned to Osborne from Bagshot Park. The Queen drove out in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice and the Princess of Leiningen. Sir Edward Malet, her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin, arrived at Osborne, and had an audience of her Majesty, and afterwards had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Rev. Canon and the Hon. Mrs. Elliot also arrived, and had the honour of being invited. On Tuesday morning her Majesty went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and Prince Henry of Battenberg went out hunting.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday. On the previous day the Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall; and in the evening the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, visited the Grand International Cirque, Covent-Garden Theatre, in the evening. On Monday the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was present at the Trinity House on the occasion of the Marquis of Salisbury taking the oath on his election as an Elder Brother of the Corporation. His Royal Highness afterwards lunched with the Duke of Edinburgh (the Master) and the Elder Brethren. On behalf of the Queen, the Prince held a Levée at St. James's Palace on Tuesday. Many members of the late and present Government, as well as of the Diplomatic Corps, attended. About 150 presentations were made. His Royal Highness presided at a meeting of his Council, held at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess and Princes Albert Victor and George honoured the Lyceum Theatre by their presence to witness the performance of "Faust."

The Duchess of Edinburgh visited St. Albans last Tuesday, on the occasion of the christening of the infant son of Major and Lady Harriet Poore, who were formerly Equerry and Lady-in-Waiting to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The ceremony took place at St. Michael's Church, her Royal and Imperial Highness acting as one of the sponsors.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and several members of the Royal family were present at St. Anne's Church, Bagshot, last Saturday, when a stained-glass window, which has been placed in that church in memory of the late Duke of Albany, was dedicated. The Dean of Windsor delivered an address.

Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, opened the new High School for Girls at Portsmouth last week.

Princess Christian drove on Sunday afternoon from Cumberland Lodge to Eton College, and afterwards attended the evening service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

The Marquis of Bristol has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, in the place of the late Earl of Stradbroke.

The Earl of Dundonald has been elected a Representative Peer for Scotland, in the room of the late Lord Borthwick.

Sir Charles Mills, Bart., Sir Henry Allsopp, Bart., and Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., have been raised to the Peerage.

The honour of a baronetcy has been conferred upon Mr. William Cunliffe Brooks, Mr. Edward Green, M.P., Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Paget, M.P., Mr. Archibald Orr Ewing, M.P., Mr. Edward Birkbeck, M.P., and Mr. Francis Cook, of Doughty House, Surrey.

M. Waddington, French Ambassador, presided at the eighteenth annual dinner in aid of the Funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary, given at Willis's Rooms last Saturday evening. He was supported by the Greek Minister, the Persian Minister, the Lord Mayor, and many other well-known gentlemen. Subscriptions and donations to the amount of £2400 were announced.

The Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath has been conferred upon Colonel Stanley, M.P., and upon Sir Edward Malet, K.C.B.; and the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George has been conferred upon Sir Robert Morier, K.C.B.—A Knight Commandership of the Bath has been bestowed upon Colonel Fraser, C.B., Chief Commissioner of the City Police, and Captain Morley, the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Middlesex.—The Hon. Edward Thesiger, in recognition of nearly twenty years' service as Secretary of Presentations to successive Lord Chancellors, has been made a Companion of the Bath.

### FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, was on Tuesday morning thronged by an aristocratic congregation, to witness the marriage of Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, of Ramsey Abbey, Huntingdon, with the Honourable Agatha Joliffe, second daughter of Lord Hylton. The service was fully choral. The bride, who was conducted to the altar by her father, wore a costume of white terry velvet, with a long train trimmed with old point lace and sprays of orange-blossom, Brussels lace veil, and diamond ornaments. She was attended by six bridesmaids—Miss B. Wells, Miss Byng, Lady G. Molyneux, Miss Benyon, Miss Marion Fellowes, and Miss A. Fellowes. They were attired in dresses of white striped silk, draped with crêpe de Chine, and trimmed with golden beaver silk, broad-brimmed hats decorated with golden pom-poms. Viscount Trowley was the best man.

A telegram was received at Lerwick on Monday night announcing the safety of the smack *Columbine*, which has been missing, with one passenger, a woman, on board, for over a week. The *Columbine* was picked up on the coast of Norway, and the woman was safe.

Speaking at the Mansion House last Saturday, the Lord Mayor described the arrangements which he has made in reference to the fund for the relief of the temporary distress among the unemployed in the metropolis, and said that he should be glad to receive donations.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.  
*(From our own Correspondent.)*

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 9.

The Deputies have passed their week without much profit to the country. An obscure group of members acting, it is supposed, in behalf of M. Brisson, who is manoeuvring against the Ministry, has proposed the expulsion of the Princes. This question of the existence of the members of ex-Royal or Imperial families recurs periodically under the Republic. At present the attitude of the Princes is absolutely correct; there is nothing to justify their expulsion; the Ministry considers that it would be contrary to the interests of France to expel them. Obviously, it is useless to exile the Princes in the hope of suppressing them. What the Republic needs to do is to suppress the Monarchical spirit in France and the want of confidence in the Republic—that is to say, to suppress one third of the nation. On the other hand, it is not by insults, invective, and uproar that the reactionary minority in the Chamber will succeed in persuading the nation to change the form of government. The proposition will certainly be rejected; but an Order of the Day will give M. De Freycinet an opportunity of declaring his readiness to act against the Princes the moment their conduct threatens the security of the Republic. On Saturday, M. Rochefort's proposition of amnesty of all political prisoners was rejected by 347 votes against 116. On Monday, M. Michelin's proposition concerning an inquiry into the responsibilities of the Tonquin expedition, and the impeachment of M. Ferry and other responsible Ministers, was rejected, by 268 votes against 154. Before the end of the week the Decazeville affair will be brought before Parliament by the ex-miner Basly, Deputy for Paris. Amongst the Parisian demagogues this affair is being taken advantage of for revolutionary purposes, and Louise Michel is proclaiming successively in all the quarters of Paris that "the miners of Decazeville have begun to hunt the human wolves. The 'Marseillaise' is in the air. The people are rising to destroy the bastilles of the present day, and to make room for humanity." On Sunday some four thousand people assembled in the immense theatre of the Château d'Eau to applaud these and yet more violent words of menace, and to pass an Order of the Day congratulating the miners of Decazeville, "who have only used their right of legitimate defence" in assassinating the manager, Watrin.

M. Henri Rochefort, that misguided and mischievous wit, has sent in his resignation as Deputy for the department of the Seine. "I promised amnesty to my electors," he says. "I have not been allowed to give it to them. Unfortunately, I am no longer of an age to lose four years of my life in struggles in which I see myself destined to be perpetually beaten." M. Rochefort has never remained long in any Parliament. As an orator, he has no success; the business of the House worries him; he feels out of place, and always takes the first opportunity of resigning, and returning to his favourite occupation of crazy and amusing criticism. M. Rochefort will have an easy task in showing that Parliamentary government in France in 1866 is no more satisfactory than it was under the July Monarchy.

Just at the moment when the Chamber is being called upon to discuss the question of the expulsion of the Orleans Princes, the head of the house, the Comte de Paris, has been asked to give his eldest daughter in marriage to the heir presumptive to the throne of Portugal. The union has been arranged, of course, and the marriage is to take place shortly, at Lisbon. Prince Charles of Portugal, Duc de Bragance, who is now visiting Paris, was born Sept. 28, 1864. The Princess, Amélie d'Orléans, was born at Twickenham, Sept. 28, 1865. As usually happens in Royal marriages, the bridegroom is a model of elegance, wit, and artistic culture, and the bride a paragon of beauty and modesty. Curiously enough, through this marriage, Prince Napoleon becomes the uncle, by alliance, of a Princess of the house of Orleans, the mother of the Duc de Bragance being the sister of Princess Clotilde, the wife of Prince Napoleon.

M. Ludovic Halévy, the collaborator of Meilhac in innumerable plays, the author of "M. et Mme. Cardinal" and of the "Abbé Constantin," was received, with the usual ceremony of speech-making, at the French Academy, last Thursday. It is noteworthy, as showing the importance of the stage in France, that there are now eight playwrights in the Academy—namely, Legouvé, Augier, Doucet, Dumas, Sardou, Labiche, Pailleron, and Halévy. There are only two novelists, Feuillet and Cherbuliez; and two poets, Coppée and Sully-Prudhomme.

Madame Adelina Patti gave a concert at the Eden Theatre, on Wednesday and Saturday. She will take leave of the Parisian public in a third concert, to-morrow. Madame Patti has not been remarkably successful. So far as she herself is concerned, there is nothing to be said. She sang admirably. Unfortunately, the prices of admission were very high—40f. for a stall, and 400f. for a box. At the two concerts already given there were many empty seats; and the audience, composed largely of foreigners, was not enthusiastic.

A statue of Claude Bernard, erected to his memory by his colleagues, friends, and pupils, was unveiled on Sunday at the Collège de France.

Some half-dozen duels between civilians have been fought in France and Algeria during the past week. In order to clear his reputation, after the grotesque episode of his duel with the Comte De Dion, M. Magnier, editor of the *'Ecénement'*, has fought a duel with M. Legrand, one of the Count's seconds, and as soon as his wound is well, he will fight with the other second, M. Thomageux.

The new Minister of Commerce, M. Lockroy, has finally elaborated his plan for the exhibition of 1889; it is to be international; the site will be the Champ de Mars; the exhibition will be made by the State, aided by a company of capitalists—a *société de garantie*, as it is called. The capital will be forty millions. The company of capitalists will furnish twenty millions, the State twelve, and the city of Paris eight millions. It remains, however, to be seen whether the date of the centenary of 1789, and the continued delay and uncertainty in the formation of a plan, have not seriously compromised the success of the world's fair of 1889.

T. C.

Prince Alessandro Torlonia, head of the rich banking family of that name in Rome, died almost suddenly, on Sunday, in that city. His great work was the draining of Lake Fucino, for which he was specially honoured by King Victor Emmanuel. He was in his eighty-sixth year, and is succeeded in his honours and wealth by his son-in-law, the second son of the Duke De Cenì.

The Danish Parliament was closed on Monday by the King, owing to the continued conflict between the Folkething and the Government.—The Vice-President of the House of Representatives, the Folkething, was recently sentenced to six months' imprisonment for an insult to the King. But the Supreme Court of Justice has ordered his discharge.

The annual Polish ball took place on Monday evening in Vienna. It is always one of the most brilliant balls of the season, but this year it had somewhat the character of a Nationalist demonstration, as all the Polish noblemen who attended it appeared in their national costume.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro arrived at St. Petersburg on the 3rd inst. and was received at the railway station by the Czar, surrounded by a brilliant suite. Apartments have been assigned to the Prince in the Winter Palace.—The Russian Scientific Expedition, including topographers, geographers, naturalists, and geologists, started on the 5th inst. from Tiflis for the Transcaspian and North Khorassan.

Prince Alexander and his Ministers were present on Sunday at a special service in the cathedral at Sofia, to celebrate the union of Roumelia and Bulgaria. The troops afterwards marched past his Highness, who congratulated them on the attainment of the union, and expressed his recognition of the manner in which they had fought to secure it.—A Royal decree was issued in Belgrade on Monday, ordering the complete mobilisation of the first and second class of the Servian Reserves, numbering 158,000 men, without reckoning the Landsturm. It is said that 80,000 men could now be sent to the frontier within ten days.—It is stated in Athens that the Greek Government would disarm immediately if Epirus were ceded, in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin.

The United States Senate, by 32 votes to 22, has passed a bill admitting Dakota as the thirty-ninth State to the American Union.—A mob at Seattle, in Washington territory, on Sunday drove the Chinese employed in the town in a body to the dock, where they were compelled to embark on board a steamer bound for San Francisco. The passage-money of one hundred of the Chinese was paid by the rioters, the attempts of the latter to force a free passage for them being resisted. The Chinamen huddled together on deck, displaying great terror. President Cleveland has been asked to order troops to the spot. The civil authorities have detained the steamer, being determined to prevent the enforced departure of the Chinese.

Lord Dufferin started from Calcutta on the 3rd inst. for Rangoon.—The Government of India, after much hesitation, has decided to establish six scholarships, two for each Presidency, to enable young natives to come home to study at Oxford and Cambridge. They are to be tenable for three years, and are to be awarded after competition, carried on under the control of the Universities. A scholarship of a similar kind has existed in Ceylon for many years past, and many of the most distinguished Cingalese have been enabled to come to study in England in this way.

An agreement has been entered into between her Majesty's Secretary of State and the Sultan of Johore, by which the latter undertakes, on his part, that he will not negotiate any treaty or enter into any engagement with any foreign State without the knowledge and consent of the English Government. The Sultan also engages not to interfere in the politics or administration of any native State, or make any grant or concession to any other than British subjects, British companies, or persons of the Chinese, Malay, or other Oriental races.

## THE CHURCH.

The Right Rev. James Moorhouse, Bishop of Melbourne, was on Tuesday formerly elected to the see of Manchester, vacant by the death of Dr. Fraser. The ceremony took place in Manchester Cathedral.

Concurrently with the opening of Convocation on the 16th inst., the members of the House of Laymen will assemble in the large room of the National Society, Broad Sanctuary, when the Archbishop of Canterbury will open the House. It is believed that Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode will be nominated for the post of president.

Mrs. Fraser, widow of the late Bishop of Manchester, has sent a communication to the committee of the Diocesan Memorial to the Bishop, stating that, having been informed that a suitable site for the memorial in the Manchester Cathedral—a recumbent figure only—could be provided, without unduly encroaching on the space in the choir aisles, by erecting a chapel on the south side, she desired to erect such a chapel, at a cost of £1000. The committee accept the offer, and decide to raise £2000 to provide a memorial worthy of the chapel.

A handsome memorial window has been placed in Stroud parish church, as a memorial to the Rev. Dr. Badcock, for many years the Rector. It consists of three lights, and the subject illustrated is that of "Solomon's Prayer at the Consecration of the Temple." The general effect is rich in colour, though subdued in tone. The window was designed and executed in the studios of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, Garrick-street, London.—A beautiful oak reredos has been subscribed for by the parishioners of Brockham, Surrey. The unveiling of the reredos, which was designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co., was performed by Mr. Leopold Seymour, who, with Colonel Seymour, selected the original design, to the approbation of the Vicar and churchwardens, Colonel Seymour acting as treasurer.

A bequest of £10,000 has been added to the funds of the Durham County Hospital, and new wings are to be erected to the memory of the donor, the late Mr. Eden, of Beamish Park.

The Brighton Town Council have resolved to widen King's-road, from the Aquarium to the Grand Hotel, the estimated cost of the work being £25,000.

Alderman Sir John Whittaker Ellis, M.P., has been unanimously elected governor of the Irish Society, which has the management of the extensive estates of the London Corporation in Londonderry and Coleraine; Mr. Frank Green being elected deputy governor.

The annual prize distribution of the 22nd Middlesex Rifles (Central London Rangers) took place last Saturday evening, in Gray's-Inn Hall. A good account of the corps was given by the commanding officer, Colonel Alt, whose wife presented the prizes.

In the Chancery Division on Monday morning, while Mr. Justice Chitty was trying a case, a loud crack was heard from the roof of the court, and a portion of the plaster fell upon the top of the canopy which is placed over the bench. Mr. Justice Chitty at once remarked, "Fiat justitia, ruat cælum," an observation which naturally caused great laughter.

The Board of Trade have received, through her Majesty's Consul at Riga, a silver medal, with its diploma, awarded to Mr. Michael Duff, master of the steamship Lena, of London, by the Russian Society for Saving Life on the Water, in acknowledgment of his services in rescuing the crew of the Danish vessel Anna, off Libau, in November, 1883, together with money rewards to certain members of the crew of the Lena who assisted in the rescue.

Mr. F. N. Charrington's new Assembly Hall at Mile-end, the foundation-stone of which was recently laid by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, was opened on the 4th inst. by a large tea-meeting, at which about 1000 persons were present. The building, which is capable of seating 5000 persons, has attached to it on the ground-floor a comfortably-fitted coffee tavern and book-saloon. On the first floor is an office for the clerks, and club-rooms, class-rooms, library, &c. There is also a smaller hall at the side, capable of holding 600 or 700 people.

## OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

The Right Hon. Plantagenet Pierrepont, eleventh Viscount Falkland, in the Peerage of Scotland, Admiral R.N., died on the 1st inst. in his eightieth year. He was second son of Charles John, ninth Viscount, and succeeded to the title at the death of his elder brother, March 12, 1884. He entered the Navy in 1820, served in the Burmese War, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1870. His Lordship married, April 27, 1843, Mary Anne, only child of Mr. J. F. Maubert, of Norwood, Surrey, and was left a widower, without issue, Jan. 2, 1863. The family honours, conferred in 1620 on Sir Henry Cary, K.B., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, father of Lucius, second Viscount Falkland, the gallant Cavalier, who fell at Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643, now devolve on the deceased nobleman's nephew, Byron Plantagenet, twelfth Viscount, born April 3, 1845; Lieutenant-Colonel late 35th Foot, who is married and has issue.

LORD SALTOUN.

The Right Hon. Alexander Fraser, seventeenth Lord Saltoun and Abernethy, in the Peerage of Scotland, one of the Representative Peers, Major late 28th Regiment, died on the 1st inst. He was born May 5, 1820, the eldest son of the Hon. William Fraser, third son of Alexander, fifteenth Lord Saltoun, by Elizabeth Graham, his wife, daughter of Mr. David Macdowall-Grant, of Arndilly, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his uncle, Lieutenant-General Alexander George, sixteenth Lord, who served under Wellington, and was highly distinguished at Waterloo. The nobleman whose death we record was much respected and beloved. He married, April 25, 1849, Charlotte, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Browne Evans, of Dean House, Oxfordshire, and had three sons and five daughters. The eldest of the former, Alexander William Frederick, Master of Saltoun, Lieutenant-Colonel Grenadier Guards, born Aug. 8, 1851, is now eighteenth Lord Saltoun and Abernethy. He was married July 7, 1885, Mary Helena, only sister of Sir Henry Grattan-Bellew, Bart., of Mount Bellew, county Galway.

MR. ASPINALL, Q.C.

Mr. John Bridge Aspinall, Q.C., Recorder of Liverpool, died on the 6th inst., at his residence, Queen's-gardens, London, in his sixty-eighth year. He was son of the Rev. James Aspinall, Rector of Althorpe, and grandson of Mr. J. B. Aspinall, Mayor of Liverpool in 1813. He was educated at Rugby, called to the Bar in 1841, and in 1862 appointed Recorder of his native city. Two years after he became a Queen's Counsel, and in 1877 acted as treasurer of the Middle Temple. He married, in 1843, Bertha Wyatt, daughter of Mr. J. A. Gee, and had three sons and one daughter. Mr. Aspinall was a great criminal lawyer, and enjoyed a high legal reputation. His death is deeply felt. The local authorities, commencing with the Mayor of Liverpool, gave expression to the public regret, and one of his most esteemed contemporaries, Mr. Raffles, the eminent chief magistrate of Liverpool, referred with touching sorrow to his friend's worth and ability.

MR. HUGH MASON.

Mr. Hugh Mason, formerly M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, died at his residence, Groby Hall, on the 2nd inst., aged sixty-nine. He was son of Mr. Thomas Mason, of Stalybridge, manufacturer, and occupied a prominent position in the political and commercial circles of Lancashire. He was a member of the Mersey Dock Company, and at one time President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. He was also a J.P. and D.L. for Lancashire, and from 1880 to 1885 sat in Parliament for Ashton-under-Lyne. His politics were those of an advanced Liberal. He married a daughter of Mr. George Ashworth, of Rochdale.

## THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

The Most Rev. George Butler, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, whose death is announced, was born in 1815, received his education at Maynooth, and was from 1838 to 1840 on missionary service in the West Indies. On his return he became successively Curate, Parish Priest, and Dean of the diocese; and in 1861 was appointed coadjutor to Dr. Ryan, who then occupied the see of Limerick. Subsequently, at that prelate's decease, in 1864, he assumed the full duties of the Bishopric. A Liberal in politics, he enjoyed the marked friendship of the late Lord O'Hagan.

DR. R. R. MADDEN.

Dr. Richard Robert Madden, F.R.C.S.E., died on the 5th inst., at Booterstown, near Dublin, aged eighty-eight. This eminent philanthropist, historian, and general writer will be remembered, not only for his many able and useful literary labours in a field of research which he made peculiarly his own, but also for the part he took in the abolition of slavery. His official life commenced with the appointment of Commissioner to inquire into the state of the West African settlement, and he went afterwards to the West Indies at the time of the negro emancipation. He was subsequently nominated British Commissioner for the settlement of claims with respect to slave-ships; appointed Colonial Secretary in Western Australia; and finally Secretary of the Loan Fund Board. As an author, Dr. Madden's many works attest his ability, research, and industry; the best known are his "History of the United Irishmen," his "Life and Times of Lady Blessington," and "The Life of Savonarola."

We have also to record the deaths of—  
Mr. Shakspere Wood, the distinguished sculptor, recently, at Rome.

The Rev. Michael Burke, A.M., of Ballydugan, county of Galway, the representative of a very eminent branch of the noble family of Clanricarde—the Burkes of Ballintober, county of Roscommon—on the 29th ult., aged seventy-two.

The first important sale of pictures this season at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's took place last Saturday, when the collection of pictures and water-colours, the property of the late Mr. H. E. Green, was disposed of. Some high prices were obtained for the principal lots, and the sale realised about 4500 guineas.





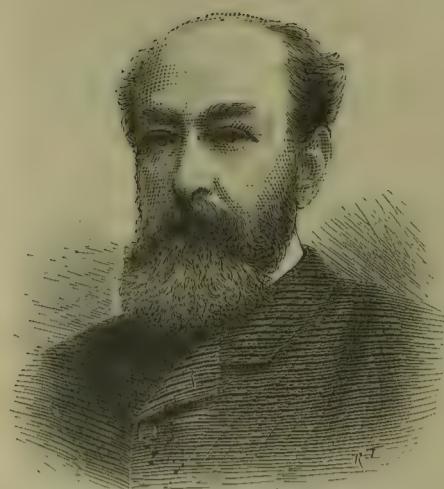
THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: THYETMYO, THE FRONTIER STATION, FROM THE RIVER IRRAWADDY.  
A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

The View of Thyetmyo, sketched by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, on his way up the Irrawaddy, by steamer, from Rangoon to Mandalay, will be recognised by some readers who have formerly served with the British forces stationed in the province of British Burmah; for, so long ago as 1854, the troops occupying that territory were removed from Prome and other places, and were brought up to Thyetmyo, where barracks for them were erected on the banks of the river. Thyetmyo, which had in past times a different name, signifying

"the town of slaughter," from a legend of the cruel deeds of one of its early rulers, is now a small town, but is supposed to be of great antiquity, dating back to the third century before the Christian era. It has lost some of its trade, in the last thirty years, by an alteration in the navigable channel of the river, and it is not considered a healthy place. The original inhabitants of this district were the Pyoos, one of three tribes, the Karen and the Thik being the others, whose partial fusion is thought to have produced the Burmese nation.

The native town consists of flimsy huts constructed of bamboos and leaves, with a small pit, for a cooking-place, in the ground before each dwelling: but the people have abundance of simple food. The soil is fertile, easily cultivated in openings of the forest, and many of the wild plants yield valuable oil and fibre; cotton is grown to some extent, but not so much as in Upper Burmah. The mineral oil wells at Padouk-ben are worked not without profit, and are described by Surgeon-General C. A. Gordon, C.B., in "Our Trip to Burmah,"

as he saw them in 1875. Our Artist's View of Thyetmyo shows the European houses, the barracks, and the church, along the top of the ground rising above the river bank; the trade buildings, shops, and public-houses below, with people lounging about; and some curious Burmese boats, with a lofty seat for the steersman at the stern; in the superior class of boats a chair, elaborately carved, and surmounted by a wooden canopy. A small steam-boat, which plies for local traffic between the river ports, is seen farther along the bank.



MR. B. FLETCHER—CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.

Mr. Banister Fletcher (North-West or Chippenham Division of Wiltshire) is an architect and surveyor, a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and holds the office of District Surveyor for West Newington and part of Lambeth.



MR. E. BAGGALLAY—BRIXTON.

Mr. Ernest Baggallay, son of Lord Justice Baggallay, was born in 1850; was educated at Marlborough, and at Caius College, Cambridge; was called to the Bar, at the Inner Temple, in 1873; and is a junior counsel to the Post Office.



MR. W. SAUNDERS—EAST HULL.

Mr. William Saunders was born in Wiltshire, in 1823, and is a newspaper proprietor, having founded the "Western Morning News," the "Eastern Morning News," and Central News Agency, from which he lately retired; vice-president of United Kingdom Alliance.



SIR W. G. HUNTER, M.D.—CENTRAL HACKNEY.

Medical officer in service of Indian Government, Bombay Presidency, 1860; served in Burmese War and Indian Mutiny War; Principal of the Sir A. Grant Medical College, 1876; Vice-Chancellor of University of Bombay; in Egypt, 1883, on special mission to deal with cholera.



MR. F. SEAGER HUNT—WEST MARYLEBONE.

Mr. Frederick Seager Hunt, who is a son of Mr. James Hunt, railway contractor, was educated at Westminster School; he unsuccessfully contested the borough of Marylebone at the General Election of 1880, but has now been returned for its Western Division.



MR. C. SEALE HAYNE—MID DEVON.

Born 1833, son of Mr. Charles Seale Hayne, of Dartmouth; educated at Eton; called to the Bar 1857; a county magistrate, honorary Lieut.-Colonel of South Devon Militia; was chairman of Dartmouth Harbour Commissioners and of Dartmouth and Torbay Railway.



MR. T. L. BRISTOWE—NORWOOD.

Mr. Thomas Lynn Bristowe, born 1833, is one of the firm of Bristowe Brothers, of the Stock Exchange; he was an original member of the 1st Surrey Rifles, and held, during many years, a commission as Captain in that Corps; has been elected for Norwood Division of Lambeth.



MR. H. R. FARQUHARSON—WEST DORSET.

Mr. Henry Richard Farquharson, born 1857, eldest surviving son of Mr. H. J. Farquharson, of Langton, Blandford, and Tarrant Gunville; was educated at Eton, and at Jesus College, Oxford, and is elected for the new Division of West Dorset.



HON. ALFRED EGERTON—ECCLES.

Hon. A. J. F. Egerton, second son of the second Earl of Ellesmere, brother of the present Earl, was born in 1854, and formerly held the commission of a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards; he is elected for the Eccles Division of South-east Lancashire.



MR. C. J. VALENTINE—COCKERMOUTH.

Born 1837, son of late Mr. James Valentine, of Stockport; resides at Workington, Cumberland; is in the iron and steel trade; managing director of Moss Bay Iron Company, director of Cockermouth and Workington Railway.



MR. H. BULLARD—NORWICH.

Born 1841, is senior partner in the firm of Bullard and Sons, of the Anchor Brewery, Norwich, established by his father; has long been a member of the Norwich Town Council; was Sheriff of Norwich in 1877; Mayor 1879 and 1880.



MR. F. S. STEVENSON—EYE, SUFFOLK.

Mr. Francis Seymour Stevenson, born 1862, son of the late Sir William Stevenson, K.C.B., Governor of Mauritius; was educated at Harrow School, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took first-class honours. Elected for the Eye Division of Suffolk.



MR. S. MONTAGU—WHITECHAPEL.

Born 1832, son of Mr. Louis Samuel, of London; took surname of Montagu; educated at High School of Mechanics Institute, Liverpool; foreign banker, in Broad-street, City; member of Council of United Synagogue and other Jewish institutions.



MR. G. BEITH—GLASGOW.

Mr. Gilbert Beith, eldest son of the Rev. Alexander Beith, D.D., of Stirling, is about fifty-eight years of age, and is a Glasgow merchant, a director of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, and a prominent Elder in the Free Kirk of Scotland.



MR. R. A. ALLISON—NORTH CUMBERLAND.

Mr. Robert Andrews Allison, of Sealeby Hall; born 1838, eldest surviving son of Mr. Joseph Allison, of Stanwix, Carlisle; was educated at Rugby, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; is a magistrate for Cumberland, and a director of Midland Railway.



MR. H. P. STURGIS—SOUTH DORSET.

Born at Boston, United States of America, 1847; son of Mr. Russell Sturgis, of Carlton House-terrace, and of Leatherhead, Surrey; was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford; was connected with the house of Baring Brothers; married daughter of Lord Hampden.

## NEW BOOKS.

It is said that Englishmen know how to talk, but not how to converse; and this is not surprising, considering our national diffidence, since conversation, in the French sense, "is a kind of tournament where two or three persons perform in presence of company." That an English lady, however, can sometimes rival the cleverest of Frenchwomen as queen of a salon, may be seen in an attractive volume, entitled *Madame Mohl, Her Salon and Her Friends: A Study of Social Life in Paris*, by Kathleen O'Meara (Bentley). Mary Clarke, an English girl, brought up in France, achieved this success; and did so, strange to say, without beauty, without remarkable accomplishments or knowledge, without attention to dress, and chiefly by an irrepressible brightness of manner, and a total oblivion of self. Stranger still it is to read that her greatest success was achieved when, as Madame Mohl, she was past her prime, and cared so little for fashion that the first thing which struck a stranger was the oddity of her appearance. Not only was her attire simple, even in the days of crinoline, "when to look like a walking balloon was a law of decency to every woman"; but her head-gear, in later years, degenerated into the wildest tangle, and she is described as looking like a sagacious little Skye terrier that had been out in a gale of wind. "One sees at a glance that she is English," said a celebrated Frenchman; but her eccentricities, among which the faculty of being rude may be numbered, did not prevent her from drawing within her circle the most intellectual society of France and of England also. Her French was so good that M. De Tocqueville said he did not know a Frenchwoman who spoke it with the same perfection, and so thoroughly did she enjoy the weekly gatherings at her house on Friday evenings that there is a tradition of her saying that she hoped to die on a Saturday, in order that she might have one Friday more. Towards those whom she loved Madame Mohl was the truest of friends, and it is interesting to read of her affection for Ampère, for Fauriel, whom she "loved more than all the world besides," and for M. Mohl, to whose noble character full justice is done in these charmingly written pages. Many a dear friend, too, she had in England. When Mrs. Gaskell died, she wrote of her with the utmost sorrow, and with a heart "that felt like a lump of lead." "If you had known," she added, "what a heart she had: but no one did." Madame Mohl was the means of introducing Lady Augusta Bruce to her friend Dean Stanley (she used to say it was a case of love at first sight between her and the Dean), and she always spoke of the marriage as if she had plotted and planned to bring it about. The Stanleys were once detained for two months under her roof, owing to Lady Augusta's serious illness, and the Dean related, with great humour, "How one day, as the doctor was going down from Lady Augusta, Madame Mohl ran out and called after him, 'Doctor, if you have anything to say, mind you say it to me; it is no use telling the Dean, for the Dean is a fool.'" Respect for rank or dignity was not a feature in Madame Mohl's character. It was people she cared about, not their position. Great was her detestation of Napoleon III., and she never concealed it. Having one day bravely defended the Empress from slander before a large company, the Emperor heard of it, and sent one of his Chamberlains to Madame Mohl with his thanks, and an invitation to the Tuilleries. "She took the invitation from the Court dignitary, tore it up, and flung it back to him. 'Tell your master,' she said, 'that that is my answer; and tell him that he owes me

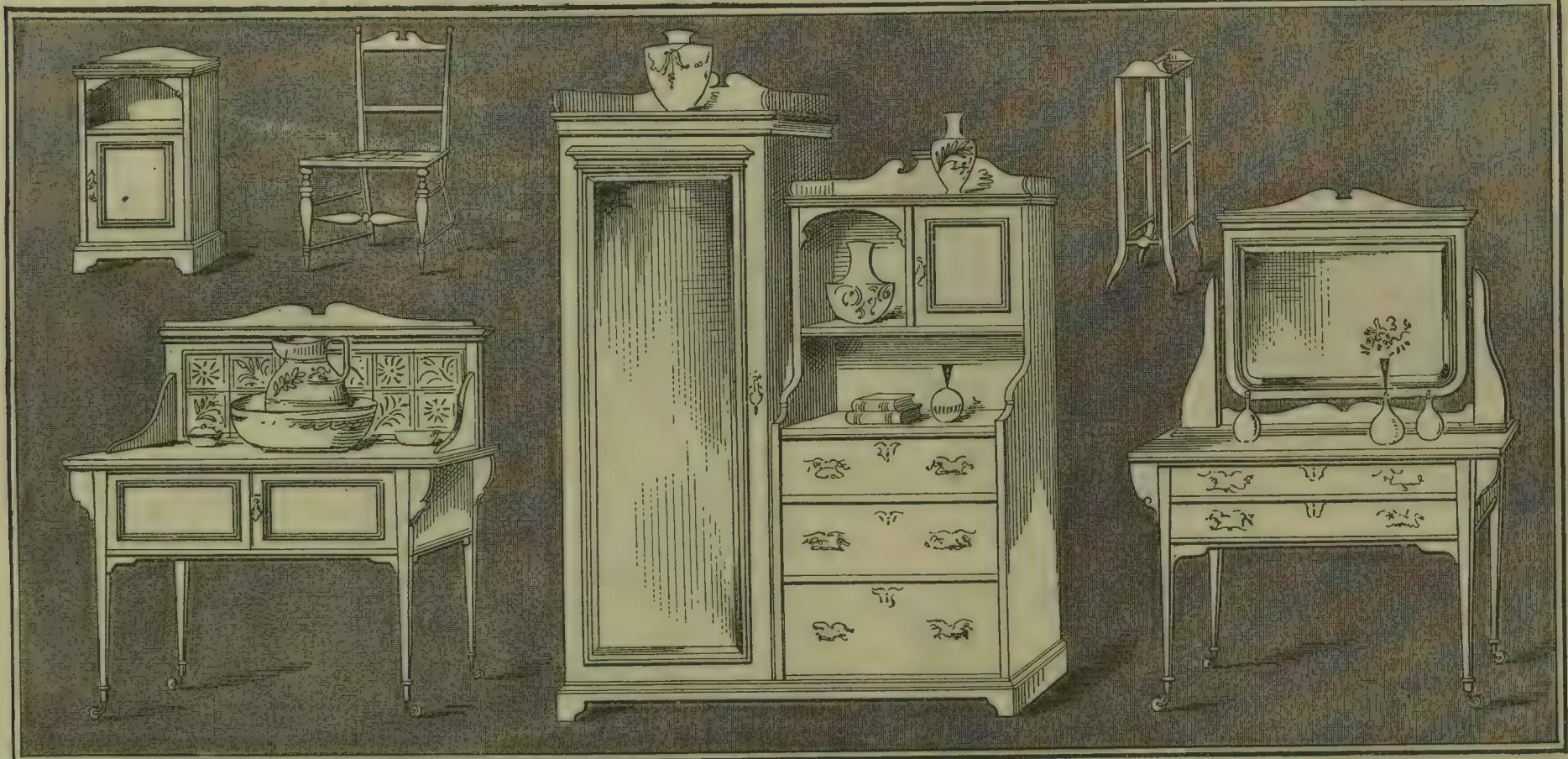
no thanks; it was not his wife that I defended, but an honest woman, whom I knew to be maligned.'" On one occasion she was staying at Dean Stanley's, when there was a fear of war between England and Germany, on account of the Danish question. Madame Mohl was sitting alone in the drawing-room, reading the *Times*, when the Queen was announced. "An ordinary mortal would have been a little fluttered by this unexpected presence; but Madame Mohl stood up, and exclaimed, triumphantly, 'Well, your Majesty, we are to have no war!' 'No, thank God! we are to have no war,' was the Queen's hearty rejoinder; and, holding out both hands, she sat down beside Madame Mohl, and entered into conversation." And the writer adds, that when Lady Stanley came down she found the two chatting together in the most friendly manner. Madame Mohl always spoke of her Majesty afterwards as "that dear woman the Queen." "If she had not found the Queen a dear woman she would not have said it." Here, with regret, we must close a volume so rich in anecdote and so full of suggestiveness that it is impossible to do it justice in a brief notice. The portrait of Madame Mohl is in full length, and the features must be examined in detail. The reader will be amply repaid for his trouble.

The Palestine Exploration Society has done not a little to enlist the sympathy and interest of Englishmen; but it is, of course, inevitable that some of their publications should be more useful to geographical and Biblical students than to that respectable but unlearned individual known as the "general reader." *Across the Jordan, being an Exploration and Survey of Part of Hauran and Jaulan*, by Gottlieb Schumacher, C.E. (Bentley and Son), is a work of sterling value, not only for the writer's careful observations but also for his numerous drawings in the Hauran and in the Jaulan, a district never before surveyed, and very seldom crossed by the traveller. Herr Schumacher was appointed to survey the district lying between Damascus and Haifa, a country formerly included in the limits of the half tribe of Manasseh, and in the performance of his official duties examined all the points of interest on his line of route. The value of his observations and of his sketches will be at once perceived by the student; but the writer states modestly that he is far from wishing to convey the idea that he holds the country to be thoroughly explored. "I have found," he writes, "on the occasion of subsequent trips into Hauran and Jaulan, that I always gained some fresh information—new names cropping up and facts of interest coming to notice; and the country is so rich in antiquarian and archaeological remains that a survey, to be thoroughly exhaustive, would in truth occupy many years." Among other passages of universal interest is the description of a subterranean city on the border of the Wady Zeidy, which Herr Schumacher explored, not without some peril, for the atmosphere was sometimes almost insupportable. The original discovery of this city was due to another German, Consul Wetstein, who describes it partially in a book published a quarter of a century ago, but apparently it "has not been since visited or explored by any other traveller." The entrance is just high enough for a man to enter by crawling on the hands and knees, and the traveller found it necessary to fasten the end of a ball of string outside and to carry the cord with him, lest he might lose his way in the labyrinthine passages. It was not an agreeable expedition. Not only was the air stifling, but the ground was covered with human bones, and cisterns in the floors of the different chambers formed dangerous

traps. The lowest level of the city was seventy feet below the surface of the earth, and it is supposed to have been hollowed out to receive the population of the upper town in times of danger; but, as the writer points out, if the enemy had discovered the air-holes and stopped them up, the besieged would have been forced either to surrender or to perish miserably. The volume is edited by Mr. Guy Le Strange, who describes his own adventures and discoveries in trans-Jordanic country. Mr. Laurence Oliphant also contributes a chapter entitled "A Trip to the North-East of Lake Tiberias in Jaulan."

Winter has a thousand beauties which escape the eye of the town liver. The man who wishes to discover "the treasures of the snow," the solemn beauty of the woods when the ground is carpeted with the leaves of autumn and the lakes are firm with ice, must live for a time among the mountains. A bright winter in the Scottish Highlands is a season never to be forgotten; and among the hills and woods of Devonshire, Surrey, or Sussex, though the air is less exhilarating, there is ample enjoyment in winter for the lovers of Nature. *Sylvan Winter*, by Francis George Heath (Kegan Paul), is a volume worthy of a place in every country house. Mr. Heath, as many readers know, has lived among the trees, and learnt their secrets; and his talk about them is as pleasant as it is instructive. The subject is exhaustless, and the author's numerous books on woodland scenery do but serve to whet a reader's appetite for the study. Mr. Heath published, some time since, a new edition of Gilpin's "Forest Scenery," a delightful book, with some perverse opinions, which the editor does not sanction. Gilpin did not admire the hawthorn; and said that in point of picturesqueness he was not inclined to rank the beech much higher than in point of utility. To our thinking, when grown on its favourite soil of sand, it is one of the noblest of trees—majestic in its winter form, and lovely in its wealth of summer greenery. Any tourist who wishes to see the beech in its perfection should visit the famous woods, four or five miles from Dorking, which are for ever associated with the name of *Sylva Evelyn*. We are partly inclined to agree with Gilpin, though Mr. Heath does not, that the horse-chestnut, in its summer dress, is a heavy, disagreeable tree. We fully admit the unrivalled beauty of the chestnut when in blossom, and indeed the long line of these trees in Bushey Park, crowned with flowers, is a sight well worth the journey from London; but when the blossom is over, the horse-chestnut has an awkward look, and in the London suburbs the leaves have the habit of turning brown even in early summer. The Spanish chestnut is a far nobler tree, and those who wish to see the vastness of its bulk and the grotesque nodosity of its branches, may be recommended to visit Betchworth Park. The neighbourhood of Dorking is, indeed, famous for a variety of trees—for limes, of which, in the park just mentioned, there is an avenue nearly 1000 feet in length; for alders, which grow on the banks of the Mole; for box-trees, which give their name to the well-known hill; for the beeches, which distinguish Wotton, and for the majestic yews of unknown antiquity which give solemnity to the Druid's Grove at Norbury. We do not know whether Mr. Heath is acquainted with the Dorking neighbourhood, but he would find in it ample scope for pencil and pen. Books like the delightful volume before us need the draughtsman as much as the author, and "*Sylvan Winter*" is enriched with seventy illustrations, by Mr. Frederick Golden Short. It is emphatically a seasonable book, and a book eminently fitted for presentation.

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1s., or by post for 12 stamps, SKIN DISEASES TREATED HOMEOPATHICALLY. By W. EPPS, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Describes and prescribes for Fifty varieties of Skin Disease. J. Epps and Co., 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Threadneedle-street.

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NEW ZEALAND.—To the Holders of New Zealand Government Four-and-a-Half per Cent Five-Thirty Debentures issued under Acts of the General Assembly of New Zealand, intituled respectively the Immigration and Public Works Loan Act, 1870, the Immigration and Public Works Loan Act, 1873, and the Immigration and Public Works Loan Act, 1874.

The Government of New Zealand hereby give notice that the outstanding FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT FIVE-THIRTY DEBENTURES, issued under the above Acts, will be PAID OFF at par on Aug. 1, 1886, at the offices of the Crown Agents for the Colonies, in Downing-street, London, after which date interest will cease.

The Debentures must be left at the offices aforesaid for examination three clear days prior to payment.

For the Government of New Zealand, F. D. BELL, PENROSE, G. JULYAN, Stock and Conversion Agents of the said Government, No. 7, Westminster-chambers, London, Jan. 29, 1886.

With reference to the preceding advertisement, the Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice that, on behalf of the agents appointed by the Governor in Council under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877, the Amendment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act, 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir Penrose Goodchild, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to inform holders of the Four-and-a-Half per Cent Five-Thirty Debentures that they may, at their option, receive instead of cash, payable as above mentioned, Four per Cent New Zealand Stock Inscribed at the Bank of England, with dividends payable half-yearly on May 1 and Nov. 1, on the following terms:—

For every £100 in debentures surrendered with the coupon for the half-year's interest due on Aug. 1 next attached £101 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from Feb. 1, 1886, in addition to the interest due after April 1, 1886.

Holders who desire to exchange on these terms must deposit their debentures at the Chief Cashier's office, Bank of England, on or after Monday, Feb. 13, but not later than Tuesday, March 30 next, when the option will cease.

Script Certificates, with coupons attached for the interest from Feb. 1 to April 30 (payable May 1 next), will be issued in exchange for the debentures.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vic., ch. 59, the revenues of the Colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the Stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock, or of the dividends theron, or for any matter relating thereto.

Bank of England, Jan. 29, 1886.

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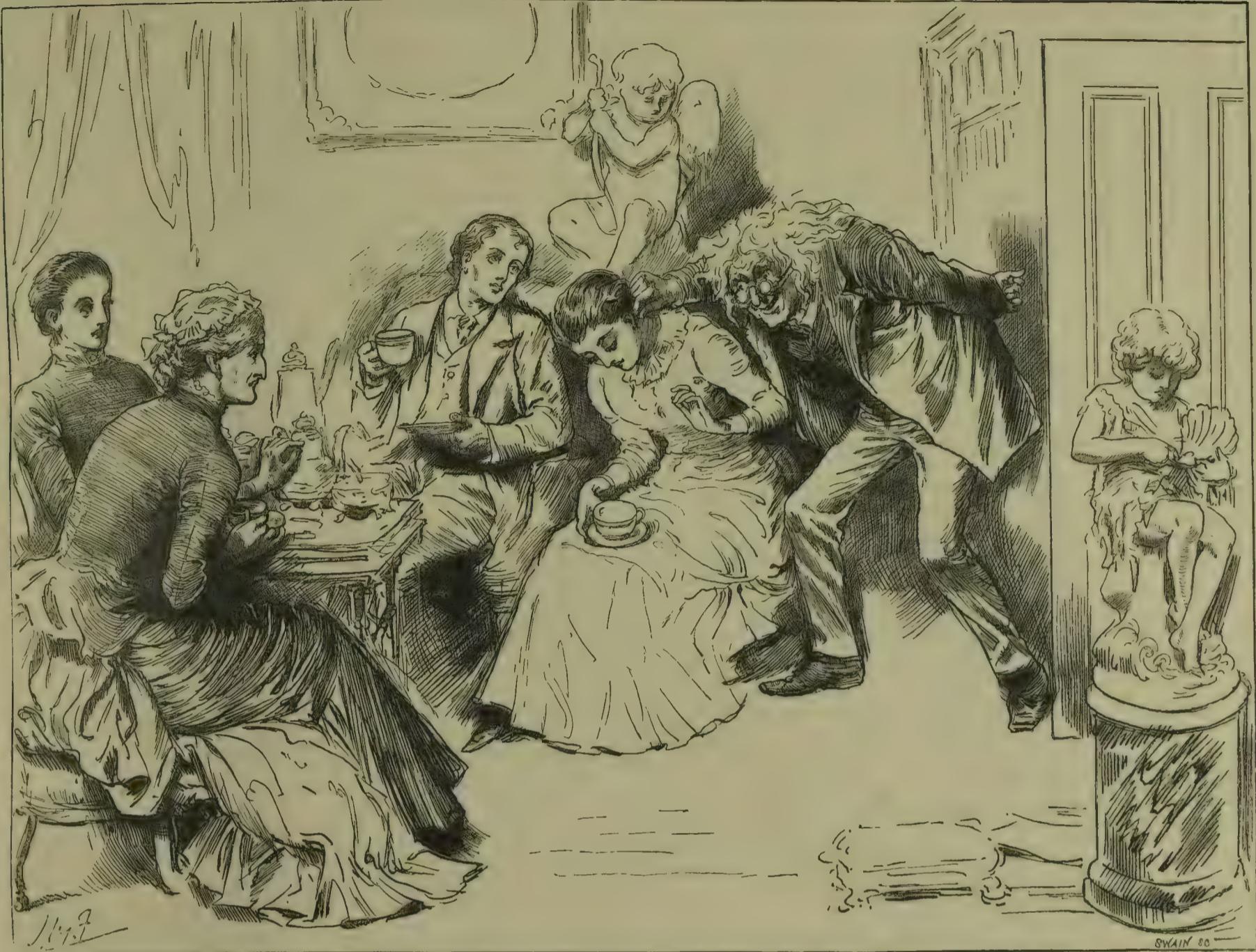
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He nodded to Miss Dart, with his hand behind him, and pinched Mary Melburn's ear.

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BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &c.

### CHAPTER XIII. AT THE LOOK-OUT

The carriage descended the long decline, every turn of which brought into view some new and picturesque feature of the little town—the ruined castle, the high-towered church (once a sanctuary, Mary told her companion, for anyone who had committed crime and fled there), the grey gabled houses, the short but massive jetty, with its red-sailed ships: but Battle Hill, topped with trees, all leaning inland, like a gigantic helmet with wind-swept feathers, stood up black against the sun, and dominated all.

Presently, they passed over a causeway, with the water lapping both its sides, and even the road itself; for it was high tide, and a fresh breeze was blowing.

"How delicious is the smell of the sea!" murmured Miss Dart, in an ecstasy.

"So say I," said Mary. "Dr. Dalling declares it comes from all sorts of dreadful things: but so do the best scents sold in Bond-street. For my part, when I go to a seaside place that has not got it, I feel the same lack and sense of disappointment as when I take up a dog-violet, which has no smell. Now, is not Casterton a charming old place, Lizzie?"

"It is a poem. It must be a privilege to live in it."

"How glad Mat will be when I tell him that. I am sure mamma need not have been afraid you would find it dull."

"I don't think Mrs. Melburn quite understands me," said Miss Dart, quietly. It was the first protest she had made against what she felt had been an injustice. Mary flushed, but answered nothing. Her pained, embarrassed look, and her silence, afforded ample corroboration of the other's suspicious.

"I hope you will understand me, Mary," she went on, gravely. "I am not afraid of being understood."

"I am quite sure of that," returned Mary, earnestly. "If I do not understand you just at first, you must not mind that, since, in the meantime, I have learnt to like you, Lizzie."

The tears rushed to Miss Dart's eyes.

"How good you are to me!" she said.

There was no embrace between them, as would have happened in the case of most girls, under similar circumstances. Perhaps Mary had been induced to say a little more than she had intended. At all events, she seemed to think that she had said enough.

"Now we are going to have a little shaking," she remarked, as the carriage rumbled over the little round stones with which Casterton street (for it had but one) was paved. The grass grew between these stones; there was no traffic; nor, indeed, did they meet with any vehicle until the horses stopped at Mrs. Meyrick's door. The house was of modest size and ancient date. Above the door, and even on the wood-work of the lower windows, were carved fruit and flowers; the low roof projected a foot or two, and threw its shadow on the

pavement. Miss Dart had seen such a house in drawing-books (MS.), at Miss Maigre's, but never before in reality.

"It must be very old, is it not?" she inquired as they waited for the summons of the bell to be answered.

"'Old' is a comparative term in Casterton. It is two hundred years old, perhaps—what William Leyden calls 'a mushroom house.'"

The door opened, and instead of letting light into the house, seemed to emit it into the dark and narrow street. At the end of the passage, and immediately fronting them, was a large window, through which the sun streamed; the countless smiles of the sunlit sea could be seen through it. A statuette and two busts of marble added their white brightness. Though small, the house was not in the least like the cottage home which Miss Dart had been led to expect from Mrs. Melburn's description of it, and still less from its own appearance from without. The front of it was in harmony with its neighbour dwellings; the windows were full of little lozenge-shaped panes, and opened on hinges; a picturesque gloom pervaded it. At the back all was modern, the windows in sashes of single panes admitted light into every cranny. A couple of centuries seemed to have elapsed between the front door, and that which opened on the garden in the rear. In the drawing-room into which the two girls were ushered by the neat little serving-maid, with whom Mary had shaken hands as with an old friend, and greeted with an "How are you, Janet?" the furniture was comfortable even to luxury, but less quaint than even the fashion of the day approved. The oak panelling alone reminded one of any connection with the past. Here, too, on pedestals, on either side the fire-place, were figures in marble.

"I had forgotten to tell you," whispered Mary, noticing her companion's surprise at this excess of statuary, "that Uncle Meyrick was a sculptor."

Miss Dart nodded an "Indeed"; she was too interested in things around her to give attention to any particular matter. The contrast the bright little room afforded to the grand drawing-room at Burrow Hall was very great, but especially in its outlook.

There was a strip of pleasure-ground between the house and the sea, on which, however, it looked down from a considerable height; but on the right hand the garden broadened and afforded space for some erection formed of glass, which nevertheless did not look like a conservatory.

"My mistress has stepped out," said the maid, "not expecting you to arrive so early, but you will find Mr. Matthew in the pavilion." With that she threw up the window, beneath which was a short flight of steps, as though the acceptance of her suggestion was a matter of course.

A bright expectant look came into Mary Melburn's eyes and a flush of pleasure into her cheeks; nevertheless, she hesitated.

"Perhaps, Lizzie, you would like me to show you your room first, and to take off your wraps?"

"Not at all; go and see your cousin by all means, I will wait here with the greatest of pleasure."

"Wait here? why should you wait?" The speaker's cheek grew crimson.

"It was only that I understood that Mr. Meyrick was an invalid, and perhaps the presence of a stranger"—

"Hush, hush," interrupted Mary, earnestly; "he does not like to be considered an invalid, nor indeed is he one in the sense that you imagine. Though he gets no better, he grows no worse, and perhaps in time"—

Here she suddenly broke off and turned her face to the sea. Whatever were her thoughts, it is certain they were deep and tender. It is to the ocean when we are upon its shore that we naturally turn our eyes in thought; even the boundless blue of the skies, though it speaks a similar language to the soul, affords less encouragement to reflection: the eternity of which it is the symbol does not appeal to us so personally, its depths are out of our sphere.

"Hullo! Why, Mary!"

The words, which were musical and full of surprise and joy, came from the pavilion, at the door of which stood a young man, shading his eyes from the sun with his right hand, and with the other grasping the door-post.

"We are coming, Matt, we are coming!" cried Mary, as if apprehensive that he would make some effort to meet them, and at the same time moving rapidly towards him. Miss Dart followed at a slower pace. To her eyes the young man presented the appearance of some spiritual picture set in a humble frame—the doorway. He was tall and slight, and, save for that supporting hand, his figure and attitude suggested no infirmity. His face, which was extremely beautiful, was not deficient in colour, or perhaps the occasion supplied it; but the features were delicate as those of a woman, and the curved lips, though smiling, were pressed together mechanically, as is the case with those who suffer from habitual pain. His complexion was very dark, and his hair of that glossy blackness which is more often seen in natives of Spain and Italy than in those of our own even sunniest south. His eyes were large and liquid, and full of expression.

"Why, you are even better than your word, Mary," he exclaimed, as he took his cousin's hands and welcomed her with effusion. "You come to-day instead of to-morrow, and earlier to-day than we could have hoped for."

"Mamma thought it more convenient," stammered Mary, "since she was leaving home. This is my friend, Miss Dart."

"We are very pleased to see you, Miss Dart; my mother ought to be here to bid you welcome. But pray step into my little den."

He motioned that she should precede him, and was about to make his way, after the fashion of lame folks, by help of table and chair to a couch with pillows, that stood in one corner of the apartment, when Mary interposed her arm,

"Here is your crutch, Matt; you are surely not grown too proud to use it?"

His dark sensitive face took the hue of the pomegranate; it evidently pained him to exhibit his dependence before a stranger.

"You must consider Lizzie, here, once for all, as one of the family," said Mary, gently, translating his look. It was a touching sight to see her lead him to his place—the should-be weak assisting the should-be strong; both so young, but one so young in vain, since health and strength were denied him. If Miss Dart had not already suspected the love they bore one another it would have been impossible to doubt it as she looked at them. It was a spectacle not easily forgotten. The scene itself, too, was striking enough to impress a much less vivid imagination than that with which she was gifted.

The pavilion, as it was called, was a large room, built entirely of glass, but with a fire-place and shutters and curtains, so as to be available for winter use. It commanded a noble prospect, the sea, the harbour, and the most picturesque part of the old town, including the ruined castle. Wherever less agreeable objects presented themselves, they were shut out from the view by painted windows, which threw their light so lavishly upon the floor that the India matting with which it was covered resembled a gorgeous carpet. What most attracted Miss Dart's attention, however, were the books, which always act as a magnet to the eye that loves them, in the palace or the hut, in camp or cabin, however strange be the surroundings; it is on them that it naturally settles, as the bee on the flower. There was no great choice of volumes in the pavilion; but what were there Miss Dart recognised at once as her favourite reading—the poets. They were neither in shelves nor slides, but were strewn about in profusion—on tables and chairs, and floor, and on the writing-desk drawn up to the sofa on which, as if exhausted with his recent exertion, the young man lay at length. It might well have seemed to Elizabeth Dart that to live in that fairy bower, with its environments, even under such conditions as were imposed on its proprietor, would have been preferable to her own position, with its common gifts of health and vigour. Was it a hopeless yearning in Matthew Meyrick's face, or a yearning all but equally hopeless in her own secret heart, that forbade the exchange? The idea did but cross her mind and was dismissed.

"William has not been here to-day, Matt," observed Mary, presently.

"What tells you that?"

"Something that does not speak to the ear. I don't smell his tobacco smoke."

"But it so happens I have been smoking myself."

"I know that too," she answered, smiling. Wherupon they smiled at one another with tender significance. There are some poor creatures, mere dabblers in the art of love, who would have turned this into ridicule; but Miss Dart understood it thoroughly. If the step of the man she loves or his voice are discernible from those of another, why should not his tobacco-smoke be equally recognisable?

The two young people were very far from excluding Miss Dart from their conversation. Her young host, indeed, was most pleasant and genial; nevertheless, she felt that they had matters to talk about that had to be postponed till they were alone together. It was, therefore, rather a relief to her when Mary suddenly exclaimed, "There is Aunt Louisa."

The mistress of the house was a lady of formidable proportions, and as she stood on the top of the steps that led down from the parlour, they afforded a pedestal for their full display. It almost seemed that a new statue of life-size, and a little over, had been added to the already numerous Meyrick collection. Though so stately of form, the expression of her face was gentle even to shyness. She was handsome as her brother the Squire, and very like him; but it was a likeness of mere kinship, which (like its loving) is often of a mere mechanical kind. They had the same strongly-marked features, the same aristocratic air, the same coloured eyes even; but her voice and manner were her own. Where he was patronising, she was kindly; but there was something in her hesitating air which suggested weakness.

Her welcome, like her son's, was cordial; but the manner was less natural. It seemed that while performing the duties of hospitality, which she did with true womanly grace, that her mind was occupied with other and less agreeable matters.

At luncheon, which, though served with elegance, was of the simplest kind, Miss Dart noticed that wine-glasses were set before herself and Mary only, till a look from her mistress caused the maid to place one before Mr. Matthew. Mary declined the claret that was offered her.

"I do think," said her aunt, "that after your journey over the downs you ought to take some wine. Your mother has placed you in my hands, remember."

"Very well," said Mary, smiling, "I am all obedience. I will have half a glass."

"What do you think of that as a young lady's notion of being 'all obedience,' Miss Dart?" inquired Mrs. Meyrick. "I trust you are not going to follow a bad example. The wine won't hurt you; you need not be afraid of its being a 'vin du pays'—a Casterton vintage. It comes from my brother's cellar."

"Indeed, I am not afraid of any such thing," laughed the governess; "but I never do take wine in the middle of the day."

"That is severe on me," observed Mary. "It would only serve you right if I said, 'But she makes up for it at dinner, though.'"

"Matt, I do hope you will have some," said Mrs. Meyrick, pleadingly.

"You know, mother, that I never take wine," was the quiet rejoinder.

"But the doctor says it is so good for you—I mean this kind of wine. Mary, speak to him."

"I am going to drink your health, Matt," said Mary, "and I hope you will drink mine. I am sure you will not pay me the bad compliment of doing so in water."

The young man signed to the servant to fill him a full glass. As the cousins pledged one another, it seemed to Miss Dart that Matthew's eyes involuntarily wandered towards his crutches, which stood in a little rack, made on purpose for them, within reach of his hands. His face, which had flushed as Mary spoke, grew pale at Mary's words.

When the two girls presently found themselves alone together, Mary spoke of this.

"You doubtless observed Matt's behaviour about the wine at luncheon, Lizzie?"

"I noticed that it seemed to pain him to have his health drunk, poor fellow."

"I didn't mean that," said Mary, with a quick flush. "I was foolish to do it, because he is always so hopeless about himself. I was only referring to the wine. You must know, if you have not guessed it, that Matt and his mother are very ill off."

"I am very sorry indeed; I had not guessed it. I should have thought, judging from this pretty house!"

"That was poor uncle Theo's doing," she interrupted.

"He was a man devoted to his art, and who loved comfort

and luxury. I am afraid he spent all his money, and some of poor aunt Louisa's, in that way. She loves the place for his sake, and will never be induced to give it up. There have been all kinds of trouble and worry about it. My father quarrelled with my uncle when he was alive—I believe there were faults on both sides; uncle Theo was very thoughtless and aggravating, and papa had no sort of sympathy with his ways. My aunt, of course, could not endure to hear her husband spoken ill of; and Matt—who would blame him for it?—espoused his mother's cause. The thing has been patched up, but there remains a soreness. When I visit the Look-out, my expenses are always paid, as indeed it is only right they should be, and wine and things are sent with me. Matt never takes wine, not because he doesn't like it, or because it is not good for him—as you heard my aunt say, it is very good for him—but simply because it is too dear a luxury. And he is too proud to drink papa's wine."

"I understand," said Miss Dart, softly; nevertheless, this news was a revelation to her. She had been used to poverty all her life; but here was a kind of poverty with which she had been hitherto unacquainted.

"What makes it so dreadful," continued Mary, "is, that dear Matt feels himself so helpless, and such a burden on his mother; and what I fear is, that there are even worse things behind the ills we know of, and that, with all her economy, poor Aunt Louisa is still living beyond her little income. Only remember that you need never feel uncomfortable about our expenses, because, as I have said, they are defrayed. If you had guessed the real facts of the case without knowing this, I believe you would have starved yourself, Lizzie; at all events it would have made you very uncomfortable."

"It is very good of you to place such confidence in me, Mary."

"Perhaps I should not have done so if you were less clever," said Mary, smiling. "I was afraid of your finding it all out for yourself, except about our being paid for."

Under other circumstances, Miss Dart, perhaps, would have reflected that this was not the first time that confidence had been reposed in her, as it were, on compulsion; but sorrow for the position of Mrs. Meyrick and her son monopolised her mind. She knew the sting of poverty well; but then she had strength and health to bear it, and she had not been brought up in luxury as her hostess had been. With the habit of one used to small economies her thoughts turned to the future. "But, my dear Mary, if your aunt is now living beyond her means, and your cousin can earn nothing for himself, matters must get worse and worse."

"Yes; but what my aunt says to herself is, that they will last his time, and for her own she cares nothing. If only during the short space that Fate has allotted to him he can be made happy and comfortable, she will afterwards be content to live on a crumb."

"And he does not know this?"

"Of course not, it would kill him if he did. He only knows that she has a small income, and even that knowledge makes him chafe and pine because he has no power to assist her. 'What can a cripple with his crutches do for anybody?' he says to himself."

"Does he get worse?" inquired Miss Dart, gently.

"I cannot say; sometimes I think he does, and then, again, sometimes he seems better? The doctor here pronounces his case hopeless, but he has no really good advice, nor will he consent to take it. Like all chronic invalids, the dear fellow is a little obstinate. 'I am a cripple for life,' he says, 'and no money shall be wasted in buying false hopes on my account.'

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### ROGER LEYDEN.

The information which Miss Dart had received as regarded the state of affairs at the Look-out, interested her far more than her informant had any idea of, though she counted on her sympathy. It is often said that there are none so kind to the poor as the poor themselves, and certainly there is no bond of union so quickly made as that of a common poverty. Its shifts, its needs, its humble aspirations are understood and sympathised with at once, even if there be no oppressor against whom to make common cause. The reason why ladies of even moderate means have so much more to say to one another, and are so much more at ease when they meet for the first time than fashionable women, is that they have something to talk about besides "gadding and gossip." Between the folks at Burrow Hall and Elizabeth Dart, a gulf had been fixed; it was not only that the former neither toiled nor spun, but that they were acquainted with none of those anxieties which, while they make rough the road of life to us, undoubtedly add to its interest. It is by no means the least of the misfortunes of wealth that those who possess it are cut off from the hopes and fears that move the majority of their fellow-creatures; and it is curious enough how every man, even those who have "made their money," as the phrase goes, lose touch of these things and stand aloof, or at all events apart, from them, so far as sympathy goes, equally with those who are born rich.

The position of the Meyricks not only excited Miss Dart's compassion, but attracted her imagination. It was no ordinary case, such as her own, for instance, of want of friends and means. She pictured to herself her hostess in her youth, as the "daughter of the house," a member of a county family, petted and indulged; her marriage with the sculptor, no doubt, contrary to the wishes of her friends, and in face of certain prophecies which, however commonplace and conventional, had found their fulfilment. She could well understand the friction that had taken place between the hard wood and the smooth—the Squire and the artist—during her whole married life, and the flame that had come of it when she was left a widow, much worse off than even the prejudices of her kinsfolk had all along prognosticated. Then the boy, the apple of his mother's eye, and such a goodly apple, but with the seeds of death in him—delicate, sensitive, resentful even of the benefits that the enemies of his father would confer upon him; conscious of his mother's poverty, but unconscious of the extent of it; the prey of hopeless love, too. These things, which on an ordinary mind would have dawned sooner or later, presented themselves to the governess with distinct completeness on the instant; her pity, easily moved at the cry of distress, was much more poignant when there was no cry. She felt a vehement desire to help this poor lady and her son, which, somehow, was not quenched by the reflection that she had no power to help even herself. Among the miseries of small or no means, is seldom reckoned the sense of our utter helplessness to help others in the like calamity; it is, nevertheless, to some people at least, a considerable factor in the sum of wretchedness. The independence of character which Miss Dart possessed, and which, however advantageous in some respects to one in her position, had its drawbacks in others, disappeared at once from her manner in relation to her new friends, and caused her to be welcomed from the first as one of themselves. No doubt they felt instinctively that this young woman, who might have taken either side in the family dissension, belonged to their faction.

There was one person, however, for whose approval, whether about things or persons, both mother and son were wont to wait before making up their minds. This was Roger Leyden, of the Castle. He was so called, and was proud of the designation, not because he kept an inn of that name, but because he lived in the old tower which was all that was left of that once formidable pile. There were no other Leydens in Casterton to necessitate his being so called by way of distinction, but he was always spoken of as "of the Castle," as though he had been some territorial magnate. He had been connected with the ruin so long, and was so much more conversant with its history (as indeed with that of the whole district) than any other living person, that one was always associated with the other. If anyone came to Casterton in search of information as regarded the antiquities of the place, or its archeology, he was referred to Roger Leyden as naturally as, if his horse had wanted a shoe, he would have been directed to the blacksmith's. His family had been natives of the place for centuries; he plumed himself on having been born "free" (i.e., on his father having been a freeman of Casterton). Notwithstanding this, his youth and early manhood had been spent elsewhere. Having been left an orphan with very narrow means, he had gone forth, in what capacity it was not generally known, to make his fortune; but, at all events, he had found it, or as much of worldly wealth as sufficed his simple needs. He had returned in early manhood to his native town, and taken the old tower off the willing hands of the Corporation, in whom it was vested, as a place of residence. And now after long years he had become as well known as his dwelling; with which, indeed, to the young folk of the place, he seemed coeval. Some called him eccentric, some a character; but, on the whole, his fellow-townsmen were proud of him, as of one who could give his reasons for the faith that was in him as respected all that pertained to their dwelling-place. There was, however, a rough side to his tongue, as well as a want of sympathy with all common-place notions, that prevented his being generally popular, save among the poor, on whom he spent much of his substance. The only house where he was a constant visitor, or with whose inmates he was on familiar terms, was "The Look-out."

At his own request he had undertaken the superintendence of Matthew Meyrick's education. "I have been a schoolmaster," was his modest statement of his qualifications to the boy's mother, "and though I have never succeeded in becoming a scholar, it is not through ignorance of what constitutes scholarship. If your lad were as other lads, I should be of little use to him. I could not teach him to push his way in the world, nor to get the better of his fellow-creatures. I cannot even promise to make him love learning for its own sake; but if you will entrust him to my care, he shall learn to hate idleness, and enjoy such pleasures, and they are the truest ones, as lie within his reach. Life will thus be rendered at least more tolerable to him. His companionship will to me be priceless, for you know how dear he is to me; the obligation is wholly on my side. I ask for this post of instructor as a personal favour, and I shall consider it as a sacred trust."

It need hardly be said that the generous offer had been gratefully accepted by the widow. Roger Leyden had proved himself already a true friend during her husband's lifetime. His advice had been taken when that of all others had been resented, and though he could not prevent Mr. Meyrick's extravagancies he had sometimes restrained them. Above all, when Death had beckoned the sculptor from a world that had been little else to him but a land of dreams, Roger Leyden had been the champion of his memory; a chivalrous task enough, since the two men had had absolutely nothing in common save their affection for those whom one had left behind him. Theo Meyrick (as he always elected to be called, though it is probable that his Christian name had had at least another syllable at his baptism) was an artist essentially of the modern type, in the days before art had gone to mediaeval sources for instruction. He was very much at his "ease in Zion," not only as respected the old masters, but everything else which time had hallowed, and of the Christian centuries unhesitatingly announced his preference for the nineteenth. This of itself was wormwood to Roger Leyden. But when Theo Meyrick put his views into practice, and let light and air into the sacred precincts of the Mayor's House, which, moreover, he newly christened—an act of very adult baptism indeed—"The Look-out," Roger's loyalty to his friend was sorely tried indeed. It seemed to him that nothing less than a sacrilege had been committed. He had given certain ancient doors and windows, which would have otherwise been sold as rubbish, sanctuary in the Castle, where they remained a perpetual reminder of that act of vandalism on the part of the sculptor.

Yet, as we have said, when Theo Meyrick died an unsuccessful sculptor, who, moreover, had wasted his goods, and not only his own goods, Roger Leyden became his apologist and defender. The dead man had made him his executor, an appointment which, though little more than a sinecure, gave him a *locus standi* which not even the Squire could dispute or ignore; and he had stood between him and the widow more than once when such intervention had been sorely needed. He had long ceased to be Matthew's tutor, but only to become his friend, and it was difficult to say whether mother or son esteemed him most. If Miss Elizabeth Dart, indeed, had been aware of his relations with her new friends, and how accustomed they were to regard matters through his spectacles, she might have looked forward to meeting him with no little apprehension, lest she should fail to make a pleasant impression on him, and thereby lose what little ground she might have won in their good opinion.

As regards personal appearance, however, as he presented himself to her eyes that afternoon at five o'clock tea, he was far from formidable. A frail, slender old man, with a stoop of the shoulders, and long scanty grey hair, he looked more like some illustration out of a German fairy story than an executor and family adviser; he had large silver-rimmed spectacles, which were always sliding down his nose, and being constantly replaced, with a reproving shake of the head, which set them off again. His voice was shrill, and his manner abrupt to brusqueness, the result, as Mrs. Meyrick was careful to inform her guest, of constitutional shyness; and, by way of salute to the new arrivals, he nodded to Miss Dart with his hand behind him, and pinched Mary Melburn's ear.

"And how is dear mamma?" he inquired, tenderly (as though the Squire and his son were not in existence), and when he was reminded where she was about to go for her health, began to abuse the German waters.

"Why does she not go to Bath? King Bladud flourished before any of the Bads were heard of; but England is never good enough for some people, whether they be sick or sound."

"If mamma had gone to Bath, Miss Dart and I would not have come to Casterton, Mr. Leyden," said Mary, reproachfully.

"And then Miss Dart would not have been bored to death, as she probably will be," was the unconciliating rejoinder.

"A miserable, dull, grass-grown place this: don't you think so, young lady?"

"It is grass-grown, but to a Londoner like myself that has all the charm of novelty," said the governess, simply; "while as

to its being dull and miserable, I never beheld so beautiful a town, nor one half as interesting. Someone has called a cathedral a 'petrified religion,' and similarly your little town seems to me to be a poem in stone and bricks."

"What do you think of that, Matt?" cried the little man, his eyes twinkling with pleasure. "This young lady is evidently in your line of business."

"Nay, I think she is rather in your line, Mr. Leyden," said Mary, "from the admiration she expressed for Downing's Nob as we came along, and from the way in which she recognised Battle Hill when half a dozen miles from it; as being an artificial elevation."

"Viewed from the north, as she beheld it, it ought so to strike everybody," exclaimed the antiquary, with enthusiasm; "nevertheless, it showed an intelligence only too rare, and especially as regards the feminine mind, that she recognised the fact. I shall do myself the pleasure, if she will permit me, of going over Battle Hill with this young lady."

"My poor Lizzie!" sighed Miss Melburn, with exaggerated compassion.

"Miss Dart, you are in for it," cried Matthew, sympathetically.

The little man looked from one to the other, like a terrier between two antagonists, uncertain upon which to spring; at last he snapped at Matthew.

"There are worse things to be endured, Miss Dart, I do assure you, than being condemned to hear a lecture on antiquities from a competent authority. It is possible that you may, one day, find yourself under the necessity of listening to the lucubrations of an amateur poet. Even my grey hairs have been no protection from that outrage."

"When I have gone through both experiences," said Miss Dart, gravely—

"And provided you survive them," put in Mary, slyly.

"I shall then be able to say from which I have derived the greater pleasure."

"Now, I call that very pretty," observed Mrs. Meyrick.

"Well, well, we will both be friends with her till she decides, Matthew," said the old fellow, smiling.

"I intend to be friends with Miss Dart in any case," said Matthew, gallantly.

"That's rank bribery," exclaimed the old gentleman.

"He is bidding for a favourable criticism upon his epic."

"I have never written an epic," protested the young man, blushing.

"I have heard a recitation or two that gave me the impression of an epic; that is, as to length," persisted the old gentleman.

"Don't you mind him, my dear," said the widow, encouragingly.

"Don't you mind him, Matt," echoed Mary, with indignant sympathy.

"Don't you mind him, Matt," shrieked the old fellow, with satiric iteration. "If you never saw a spoilt boy, Miss Dart, let me introduce one to your attention."

"The question in such a case that naturally occurs to me, with my educational instincts," observed Miss Dart, demurely, "is, Who was his tutor?"

This sally was greeted with general applause, only increased by the dumb dissent of the little antiquary. He shook his head at the sentiment, and his finger at Miss Dart, and enjoyed the whole situation more than any of them. Such is the marvellous power of genial mirth, that the governess made more way with him by that sly rejoinder, and more surely established her footing in the household generally, than she could have done by the most Machiavellian arts.

By the time dinner was over, for which Roger Leyden remained without invitation, and as naturally as though he were an inmate of the establishment, it seemed to Elizabeth Dart as though, instead of a visitor, she was a member of the family; and that in the Look-out she had found a home. The most convincing proof of it and of her possessing her soul at ease, without those disturbing thoughts which the sense of strangeness and insecurity always engenders, was that on retiring to her room that night, she drew forth from her desk a certain manuscript, which had remained untouched during her whole stay at Burrow Hall, and proceeded to enter in it divers memoranda and reflections; such terms are inadequate, yet it is difficult to give them a more appropriate name, but that manuscript was certainly no commonplace book. Like Madame Roland on the scaffold, Elizabeth Dart often wished for a pen to set down the strange thoughts which arose within her; of late the opportunity had been denied her, or rather circumstances had forbidden it, but now they rolled in upon her brain as unceasingly as the moonlit waves broke in upon the shore in foam beneath her window, and with as clear and picturesque distinctness as the outlines of Battle Hill itself, which rose in majesty above the pavilion.

She as yet had no notion of what she was, still less of what she might grow to be, but now and then, "in seasons of calm weather" like the present, a sense of intellectual force, quite apart from self-consciousness, was wont to seize and intoxicate her like the inspiration of the sybil. When it left her she experienced a feeling of exhaustion, and also of disappointment; she almost felt that she had been the sport of some mocking spirit, but it recurred again and again, and each time with increased strength, filling her with a vague consciousness of power. She was no longer the governess and companion, the insignificant unit in the great sum of social life; her whole being seemed to expand, like the Jin in the Arabian Nights released from its bottle, and to spread itself in all directions. Her spirit had wings and flew upward, regarding from a height the world from which it had temporarily escaped, with keen observance and speculation. Her pen flew over the paper impelled by an inexplicable and almost irresistible impulse, and yet among all her crowding thoughts, the central one, dwelling in a secret but far from serene seclusion, remained unexpressed. Its form was as yet too vague; in the rational and ordinary moods of her well-balanced mind, before whose gate paced the sentinel Common-sense, it never intruded; but sometimes he deserted his post, and the Fancy roved. She did not know it for what it was, or at all events did not know it for certain, much less did she recognise that other and much rarer attribute which possessed her: but the one was Love and the other was Genius.

(To be continued.)

In the past month 7747 emigrants of British origin left the United Kingdom. Of these, 5787 were English, 787 Scotch, and 1173 Irish: 3887 went to the United States, 223 to British North America, and 2776 to Australasia.

The budget of the London School Board was submitted to that body on the 4th inst., by Sir Richard Temple, the new chairman of the Finance Committee, the money required to meet liabilities up to March next year amounting, it was estimated, to a sum that will necessitate a rate of 8*d.* in the pound. This is a slight increase on the preceding rate, which was 8*d.* in the pound. Only for the quinquennial revaluation, the rate for the coming year would have been about 9*d.* in the pound. Sir Richard emphasised the fact that this was really the budget of the late Board. The debate was adjourned.

## CHESS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

(Many answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred.)

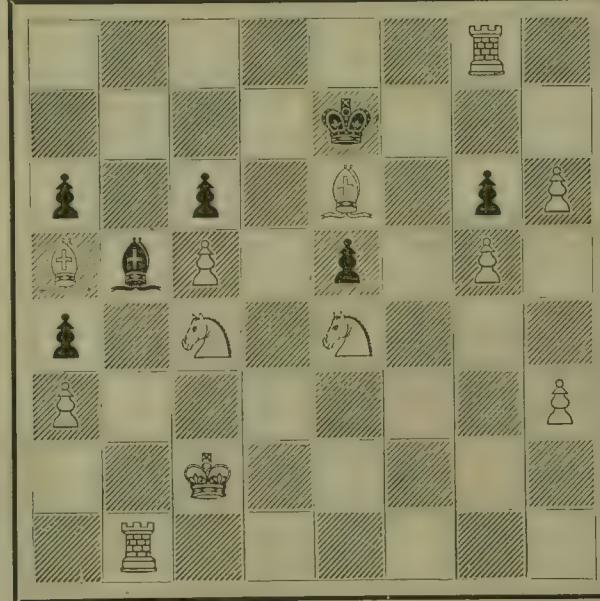
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2168 and 2170 received from J. Milner (Christchurch, N.Z.); of Nos. 2172, 2173, and 2174, from J. S. Logan (Blackburne, Natal); of No. 2177 from A. E. S. and S. S. J. (Itunpong, Lower Bengal); of No. 2179 from J. E. Small, Jack, An Old Lady (New Jersey); of No. 2180 from F. Marsden, G. J. Veale; of D. Ristic's PROBLEM from R. S. Summer, C. E. P., G. J. Veale, Piero Jones, E. Holt, H. H. (St. Petersburg); of Marshall, C. J. Jones, H. L. Thomas (R.N.), and J. R. M. Anderson; of No. 2181, R. H. (S. Australia); of No. 2179 from J. E. Small, Jack, An Old Lady (New Jersey); of No. 2180 from F. Marsden, G. J. Veale; of D. Ristic's PROBLEM from R. S. Summer, C. E. P., G. J. Veale; of Nos. 2181 and 2182 from W. Evans; of H. R. Anderson, Chippewa, Benjamin (Malta); of Nos. 2181, 2182, and 2183 from R. A. Dawbarn, R. S. Summer, C. E. P., G. J. Veale; of Pieco Jones, Otto (Chichester), E. G. Boys, F. Luela, Shadforth; of No. 2182, R. B. Chatterton and E. Holt; of Nos. 2182 and 2183 from Emile Frau, H. Holmes, E. L. G., Alpha, G. Peter, J. Coonan, M. H. Moorhouse, E. Gazeaux; of Nos. 2182, 2183, and 2184 from Submarine (Dover), H. H. (St. Petersburg); T. Roberts, J. E. M. F., and W. H. Grinwald; of No. 2183, Comics, V. Vernon Arnold, Commander W. L. Martin, Boy in Blue, G. Branch, F. H. Rollison, Walter Jewett, H. G. Williams, H. Pace, W. N. M. C. F. L., James Browning, Edward Walker, Philip Richmond, W. F. Schelle, and E. Holt.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2183 and 2184 received from F. Marshall, E. Casella (Paris), J. K. (South Hampstead), L. Wyman, W. Biddle, L. Shirwood, Ernest Sharwood, W. B. Smith, G. W. Law, J. Hall, H. Wardell, Alfred De Rojas, A. G. Hunt, H. Barton, W. R. Railem, H. Lucas, C. Oswald, W. E. Stephenson, L. Desanges, C. S. Cox, W. Hillier, E. J. Winter Wood, C. Darragh, L. Falcon (Antwerp), Shadforth, Dr. A. R. (Rotherham), Jupiter Junior, Ben Nevis, John C. Bremer, N. S. Harris, T. Sinclair, Joseph Ainsworth, E. Louden, B. R. Wood, E. Elshury, Laura Greaves, J. A. Schimmeke, Jack, Julia Short, E. E. N. Stevens, O. G. (Marseille), R. L. Southwell, H. Brooks, Richard Murphy, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Otto Fulder (Ghent), T. G. (Ware), Statue Belliard Chess Club, W. H. D. Henvey, Columbus, Jonas Crook; of No. 2184 from Pierce Jones, H. R. Phillips, Otto (Chichester), Shadforth, Alice Parker, F. Pennington, John F. Wilkinson, Enza (Darlington), Rev. J. Phelps, C. A. Swath, and C. A. L. Bull.

### PROBLEM NO. 2186.

By JOHN C. BREMNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

### THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The fifth game in the match between Dr. Zukertort and Herr Steinitz was played, at New York, on the 20th inst. The telegrams in the daily press have long since acquainted our readers with the result—another victory for Dr. Zukertort, the fourth in succession—and the mails of last week have brought us full details of the contest. The New York reporter displays his strongest form in his account of this game. He revels in large "caps," setting forth sensational head-lines. Herr Steinitz is said to be "out-generalled," and note is taken of the "Little Doctor's" careworn face as he passes through the public hall to the stage. Dr. Zukertort plays with "marvellous rapidity." Herr Steinitz, on the contrary, "when he makes his thirtieth move, has only one minute to spare on the time limit," and he sips his water, on this occasion, out of a white goblet, instead of the "amber-coloured one previously used." It is clear that the genial reporter regards this serious struggle for the championship of the chess world as an opera bouffe, Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort sustaining the principal characters, and the spectators the chorus. Nevertheless, the match has, without doubt, stirred the chess community of the States as it has not been moved since the great meeting of 1857, memorable because it marked the advent of Paul Morphy. Amateurs who for many years have not been seen in public rooms have revisited the chess clubs to witness the play and discuss the merits of the competitors. One of them, Mr. C. M. Knox, during the progress of one of the games, composed a problem, which, although inferior in difficulty to many, is distinctly neat and elegant. We quote it from the *New York Evening Telegram*:

*White:* K at Q R 3rd, Q at QR 6th; Kts at K sq and Q 2nd; Pawns at K 4th and Q 6th. (Six pieces.)

*Black:* K at Q R 8th; Kt at Q B 8th and Q Kt 5th; Pawn at K B 7th. (Four pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Appended is the Fifth Game, with notes by Captain Mackenzie:—

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Dr. Z.)	BLACK (Herr S.)	WHITE (Dr. Z.)	BLACK (Herr S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Kt to K 2nd	B to Q 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 3rd	18. R to B 2nd	Q R to B sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. B to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
4. P to K 3rd	B to K B 4th	20. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
5. P takes P	P takes P	21. Q to K B sq	
6. Q to Kt 3rd			

Dr. Zukertort has utilised the superiority of his position in capital style, more after the fashion of the renowned Paul Morphy than in accordance with the principles of the "modern" school of chess.

6. B to Q B sq

This retreat is of evil omen, and tacitly admits that Black's fourth move was an error.

7. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd

8. Kt to K 5th P to K 3rd

9. B to K 5th Q to B 2nd

10. B to Q 2nd B to Q 3rd

11. P to K B 4th Castles

12. R to Q B sq B takes Kt

We doubt the prudence of this capture, as it opens White's K B file; and drives the Black Knight out of play for the time being.

13. B P takes B Kt to K sq

14. Castles

Both Kings are now safely entrenched, and in surveying the positions of the opposing forces, we think the advantage is in favour of White. His pieces are not only better developed, but they can be easily brought into co-operation.

14. P to K B 3rd Hoping to open the K B file, but White

very cleverly thwarts him.

15. B to Q 3rd If now, 15. P takes P, White wins the exchange by 16. B takes R P (ch), &c.

15. R to K B 2nd P to K B 4th

A disagreeable necessity now; but the combined action of White's Queen and Bishop had to be neutralised, at all hazards.

After an interval of a fortnight, play was resumed at St. Louis on Feb. 3, and two games, played respectively on the 3rd and 5th, were won by Herr Steinitz. The score, therefore, now stands—Zukertort, 4; Steinitz, 3.

We observe that Herr Steinitz has written a letter to the *Times-Democrat*, of New Orleans, in reference to the claim for a penalty against Dr. Zukertort on account of the delay in depositing the latter's stakes. This letter throws a light on the claim which relieves it of the somewhat ungenerous character in which it first appeared. It was only after a delay of six days that the claim was preferred, and not, as was commonly reported here, a delay of a few hours. Herr Steinitz subsequently withdrew the claim, voluntarily, and there was an end of the matter.

Messrs. Dicksee and Dicksee, of Pall-mall-place, have been officially appointed sole agents for the National Art-Treasures Exhibition to be held this year at Folkestone.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Nov. 5, 1878), with two codicils (dated Oct. 4, 1883, and Feb. 10, 1885), of the Right Hon. John, Earl of Erne, K.P., late of Crom Castle, in the county of Fermanagh, who died on Oct. 3 last, granted to Robert Fowler and John Arthur Pomeroy, two of the executors, was rescaled in London on the 1st inst., the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £250,000. The testator states that a sum of £1300 has been set aside by him in the Ulster Bank as a fund for the purpose of building a tower to Trinity Church, Crom, and attaching a peal of bells; and if this has not been carried out in his lifetime, he directs his executors to apply the remainder of the said fund to complete the same. To his eldest son, John Henry, he gives his town residence in Eaton-square; to his son Charles Frederick, a sum of over £50,000, in satisfaction of the covenants in his marriage settlement, and in addition to the sums already paid to him, and also in addition to the sum of £50,000 charged by the testator by deed on his real estate in his said son's favour; and to his son Henry George Louis sums amounting to over £88,000, in satisfaction of the covenants in his marriage settlement, and in addition to sums already paid him. All his freehold manors, lands, tenements, and hereditaments (charged with an annuity of £400, to Mrs. Colonel D'Asta), and all his leasehold estate he settles to the use of his eldest son, John Henry, for life, with remainder to his son, Henry William, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son, according to their respective seniorities, in tail male. The residue of his personal property he leaves to his said son, John Henry.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1875), with two codicils (dated Oct. 29, 1875, and Jan. 17, 1879), of Mr. Walter Angus Bethune, formerly of Dunrobin, Tasmania, but late of No. 18, Phillimore-gardens, Kensington, who died on Nov. 28 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Robert Ballard Wood and Robert Keate Alves Ellis, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £51,000. The testator states that he has already dealt by deed with his real estate in Tasmania in favour of his sons; he bequeaths £1000 to his wife, and confirms their marriage settlement, and makes a few other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his daughters.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1882), with two codicils (dated December, 1883, and January, 1885), of the Hon. Dame Mary Simson Duncan (formerly Crawford), late of Pau, Basses Pyrenees, France, who died on April 7 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Miss Catharine Henrietta Adamina Morrison Duncan, the grand-daughter, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the person performing episcopal duties in the Roman Catholic Church at Plymouth; and as, if she had predeceased her daughter Anna, under her said daughter's will the Roman Catholic Bishop exercising episcopal authority at Plymouth would have received a legacy of £2000, she directs her executors to pay the said sum. There are legacies to relatives and others, and the residue of her property she gives to her said grand-daughter.

The will (dated July 2, 1874) of Mr. Isaac Mocatta, formerly of Bishop's-road, Paddington, but late of No. 13, Kensington Park-road, who died on Dec. 3 last, has been proved by Abraham Mocatta, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his brother, sisters, sister



"THE CONCHOLOGISTS"—BY H. G. GLINDONI.

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

R. TAYLOR

## LOCH LOMOND ICE-BOUND.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than that between the fog-laden atmosphere of Queen-street Station, Glasgow, on a winter morning, and the frosty, bracing air of the country outside. Ever since the train emerged from the murky gloom of the Cowlairs tunnel into the open freedom of the frost-covered fields, the sense of exhilaration has been increasing. Sounds of laughter from the compartments before and behind bespeak the high spirits of the occupants; while at every roadside station along the Clyde valley fresh parties of pleasure-seekers, their cheeks red and eyes bright with the cold, have added to the freight, and swelled the merriment. The ice on Loch Lomond is "bearing," and the clash of skates is in the air.

Slowly, at last, the train, crammed by this time with skaters of both sexes and all ages, pants into the station at Balloch Pier. Before it has stopped, the doors of the carriages swing open, and an eager crowd swarms out upon the platform. It is impossible to descend the face of the stone pier, so all impatiently hasten back to the shore; there is a scramble over a wire fence, a stampede across a well-trodden stubble-field to the loch, and then the stream of enthusiasts disperses in all directions to don the necessary foot-gear. How different is the scene now from what it was in summer! Then the clear water glistened and twinkled in the sunshine, the white sail of a boat slowly moved across the dark green of a distant island, and the mountains beyond rose, purple and grey, into a fleckless sky; while one of the little loch steamers at the pier blew clouds of steam noisily from its funnel, as it took on board its daily crowd of tourists. Now no lapse of water is to be heard upon the pebbles, not a whisper moves among the frosted fretwork of the trees, the landscape everywhere is draped and lifeless; the loch itself is a level sheet of snow, and far up yonder, above the dark narrows where the waters are still unfrozen, Ben Lomond raises his shoulder, ermine-clad, into a darkling heaven. The twin steamers, too, lie prisoned in the ice, crusted white, and motionless as Lot's wife.

If Nature herself, however, is crystallised into silence and stillness, there is both movement and sound of another sort about. All along the shore, on every hillock that affords a seat, there are groups of eager enthusiasts, busy with straps and buckles, and the shrill whirring sound of the ice tells that many of the new-comers are already moving over it.

But the last refractory screw-nut is adjusted: Mercury has buckled on his wings; and yonder, two miles away, lies Inch Murrin. Each winter, when the loch is frozen, the first person who crosses on foot to the island receives a pair of deer antlers as a trophy; and often, before the ice is very strong, the efforts of some bold skater to win the horns are exciting enough. Since the trophy was won, however, thousands of pleasure-seekers have crossed the loch; vendors of hot coffee and biscuits have established themselves on the shore of the island, under the ruined keep; and a rink of curlers has taken possession of the little bay. Where the deer came down to drink in summer, there mingles now the crackling roar of heavy stones hurled along the ice, with shrieks of vulgar laughter as some conspicuous skater comes to grief. The cries of the curlers themselves are loud and puzzling enough. At this end of the rink the leader, a stout, grizzled countryman, shouts, with many explanatory gestures, to the player at the far end to "Tak a wick aff the fore stane, and lie in front tae gaird." The person addressed, evidently a clergyman (for on

the ice social distinctions are forgotten), sends his cheese-shaped block of granite "birling" towards his instructor, and, as it comes along, the cries of the players stationed on either side of the rink with brushes to "Soup her up," and their vigorous efforts to smooth the path before it, are exciting as well as amusing, until the stone comes crashing in at last among the others round the mark.

The "roaring game" is perhaps more interesting to the player than to the onlooker, but the enthusiasm it excites and the exertion it requires are exactly suited to the season, and prepare its votaries to enjoy most heartily the traditional curler's dinner of corned beef and greens.

One soon grows tired, however, of the noise and stir around this oasis of the ice. Indeed, the laughter and the movement seem almost sacrilege in a place where so lately the autumn leaves dropped silently into the clear brown water below, where the plash of a trout made stillness felt, and the solitude was unbroken by the step of man. Away, then, from the coffee-stands and the curling-rink, from the shouting of shinty-players, and the fragrance of intolerable cigarettes! The loch is frozen all the way to Luss; last night's wind has swept every particle of snow from the surface; and to the little loch village, out of sight in the bay yonder, stretch seven miles of ice, smooth as black glass. How easily the skates curl over the keen ice! The air is clear, cold, and bracing, with just a faint odour of the shore woods upon it; and curve after curve on the "outside edge" adds, every moment, to the exhilarating sense of power and the conscious poetry of motion. It is a new and strange sensation, this flight for miles over ice whose surface has till now known no invasion. One feels as an astronomer must, when exploring new depths of Heaven—

Or like stout Cortez, when, with eagle eyes,  
He stared at the Pacific—and his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmisse—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Lonely and far stretches the level realm of ice away up yonder to the dark narrows of the loch, where, under the steep dark sides of the mountains, the water is too deep to freeze. To terrible tragedy, too, have the black depths under foot been witness. Here it was that Sir James Colquhoun, returning from a hunting party on one of the islands, in his boat, deep-laden with deer, was caught by a sudden squall on the loch and drowned, and it was long before the hidden depths gave up their prey. For the waters that are motionless now in their icy prison are given to rise and rage at a moment's warning; and many are the fair pleasure freights they have swallowed. Across these waters, too, in the days when might was right, and the Highlands lived by helping themselves, have not the boats of the Red Macgregor swept down by night from the narrows to pillage and burn? For the Rob Roy country lies yonder among the mountains.

But away! away! this is the joyous motion of a bird, and the miles fly under foot without effort. It is seven miles from Balloch; and the fatigue of the distance has been trifling. A point of land, covered with trees, runs out here into the loch, and a mile beyond lies Luss. Another turn, and a little bay is discovered, most like, in all the world, a miniature scene from fairyland. The glassy ice sleeps on the crusted shore; birch and beech and hazel hang motionless around—a delicate tracery of snow; not a squirrel moves; the silence is perfect—the spot is under the spell of the Frost King. Not altogether, though, for a robin flutters down with a twitter from a shaken

spray, and proud of his scarlet breast, hops bravely out upon the ice.

Yonder is the chimney of the inn, however, and—inspiring sight!—there is smoke rising from it. The air of the loch is appetizing, and, as it is now almost five o'clock, something more solid than a sandwich is desirable. Unbuckle the skates, therefore, and, following the windings of that narrow loch-side road among the trees, let us awaken the hospitality of mino host. It will be dark before we start for home; but the sky is clear, there will be a full moon, and, under the scintillations of the frosty stars, it will be a merry party that skims back over the ice by night to Balloch.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

## "THE CONCHOLOGISTS."

The animated group of "old beaux," hunting rather for appetite than shells, is an excellent example of Mr. Glindoni's humour and skilful composition. The picture, like all true genre work, tells its own tale. In the artist's hands, it is quite precise enough to suggest ideas to the spectator, leaving to him the pleasant task of giving his imagination rein. We can imagine that the picture intends to recall Weymouth, Southampton, or Brighton, "when George III. was King," and that there are a group of courtiers—for a moment released from their duties—exploring the sands, under the difficulties of Court dress. In those days, the seaside was a rare resort for Londoners, and rarer still for country gentlemen whose estates lay inland. The coast was left to seafaring folk—those of the Royal Navy whose duties obliged them to stay in the neighbourhood of our then busy dockyards, or else to fishermen, smugglers, and wreckers, all of whose vocations were regarded as equally respectable. Mr. Glindoni, however, has no sympathy with the "seamy side" of life, and in this, as in his previous works, is glad to show how people of quality amuse themselves—somewhat "tristement," if we recall his picture at the Royal Academy, "An Audience," which, in 1883, first attracted attention to his merits as a painter, and at the same time gave the critics an unlimited field for conjecture as to the place and persons.

Mr. Glindoni, in spite of his Italianised name, is altogether British, and it was at the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, that his first works were exhibited, ten or twelve years ago. He began life, as Clarkson Stanfield, David Roberts, and many others did, as a scene-painter at Old Drury, and whilst there attracted the notice of a compatriot—Mr. Templeton Lucas—who saw in this young scene-painter the germ of qualities, in some respects resembling those he had discovered in his own nephew, the wood engraver. By Mr. Lucas's advice, Mr. Glindoni attended the St. Martin's Government Schools, and remained there long enough to master the technical part of his art. Without further training, he boldly challenged public approval as a painter, both in oils and water colours. He was not long waiting for patrons, and his humorous, carefully-executed, gay-coloured pictures soon attracted attention. His taste originally led him towards the days of the Cavaliers; but of late the eighteenth century, in its less serious aspect, has attracted him; and each year has shown him steadily advancing and raising the standard of English genre painting, which for some time lay under a cloud.

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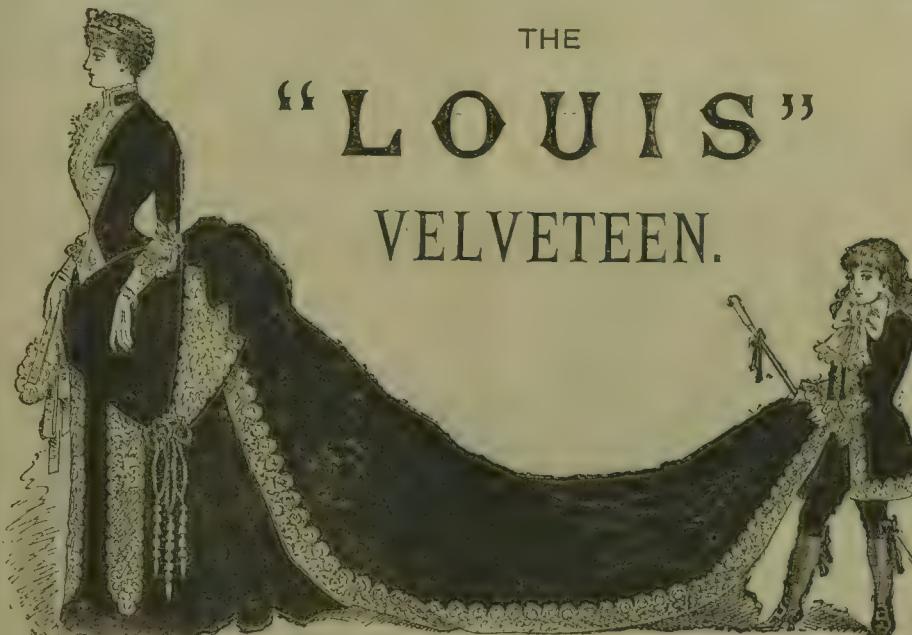
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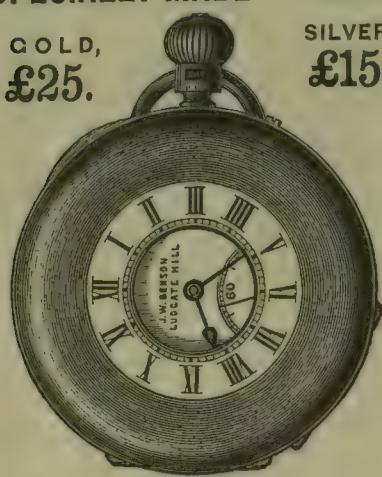
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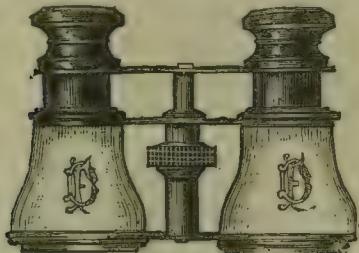
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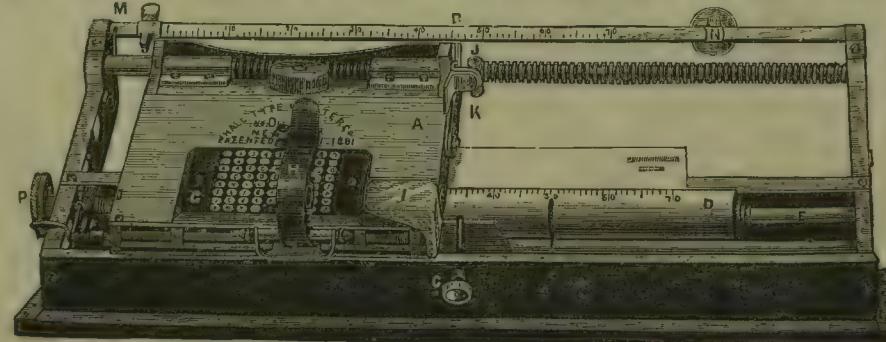
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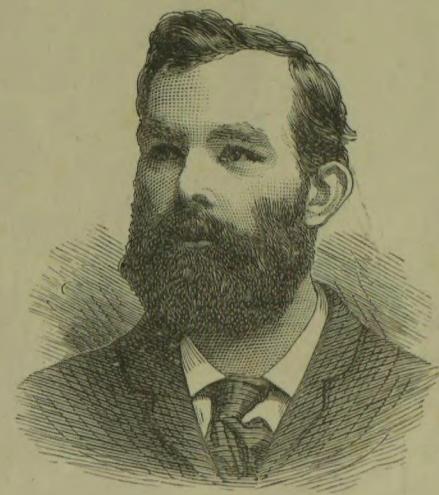
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## RIOTS AT THE WEST-END OF LONDON.



MR. H. M. HYNDMAN.



MR. JOHN BURNS.

A deplorable outbreak of silly and mischievous mob-violence, attended with wanton destruction of property in some of the most fashionable streets of the West-End, took place on Monday afternoon. It arose from an open-air meeting of the unemployed and distressed men of the labouring classes, improperly convened in Trafalgar-square. The exciting and provocative speeches of certain fanatical orators, belonging to the Socialist Democratic faction of physical force Revolutionists, stirred up the feelings of some part of this vague assembly, and furnished the ill-disposed, of whom many, probably, were neither in distress nor anxious for honest work, with a pretext for acts of outrage, not unaccompanied with robbery amid the confusion that ensued. A rabble of several thousand men and youths, bearing little resemblance to any of the London working classes, suddenly poured from Trafalgar-square through Pall-mall, up St. James's-street, and along Piccadilly to Hyde Park-corner, turned east of Park-lane, and got into the Grosvenor-square neighbourhood, visiting South and North Audley-street, and everywhere doing all the damage they could to shops and houses. The police seem to have been taken by surprise, for they were not in sufficient force to stop this rapid movement, which might easily have been arrested at certain points, by a barrier formed of two or three hundred disciplined constables with their truncheons.

The number of people assembled in Trafalgar-square, at three o'clock, was estimated at fifteen or twenty thousand. Part of these were really East-End labourers, men of the building trades, or from the docks, or artisans out of employment, who intended merely a peaceable or orderly "demonstration." Some were organised in processions, with flags and bands of music. Another part, which may not have exceeded one-tenth of the multitude, consisted of mere idlers and reckless street vagabonds, ready for any chance of making a disturbance; and these were, no doubt, the actual rioters at the close of the meeting. The proceedings of the original "demonstration" were organised by the Labourers' Union, of which Mr. Kenny is the secretary, with the object of demanding that public relief works, for unskilled labour, should be started by Government, and Parliament should amend the laws relating to land. A party of "Fair Traders," claiming Protectionist fiscal legislation to exclude foreign manufactures, had apparently seized this opportunity to enforce their views of commercial policy upon the minds of working men. Lastly, there was the Revolutionary Communist party, headed by Mr. Hyndman and Mr. John Burns, who were certainly not acting in concert with the two former sections, and the three different sets of speakers vehemently contradicted each other; but there was a loose mass of senseless ruffianism, caring not for the arguments of either party, which finally broke away to indulge in deeds of havoc, and to spread alarm in a part of town frequented by the upper classes.

The proceedings in Trafalgar-square, for an hour or more, around the Nelson Column, in front of the National Gallery, and at the stone balustrade above the fountains, where the various sections of the assembly heard their respective orators, and assented to several resolutions, did not seem alarming. They were conducted in such a manner that no disturbance was anticipated. The force of five hundred police in attendance had been deemed adequate to deal with any emergency which might arise. Yet, during these proceedings, the scene presented in Trafalgar-square was extraordinary. The whole of the middle space, where the fountains are, was densely packed with people; the roadways on each side were filled, the steps of St. Martin's Church were thronged, and towards Pall-mall East, were spectators, apparently taking no part in the demonstration.

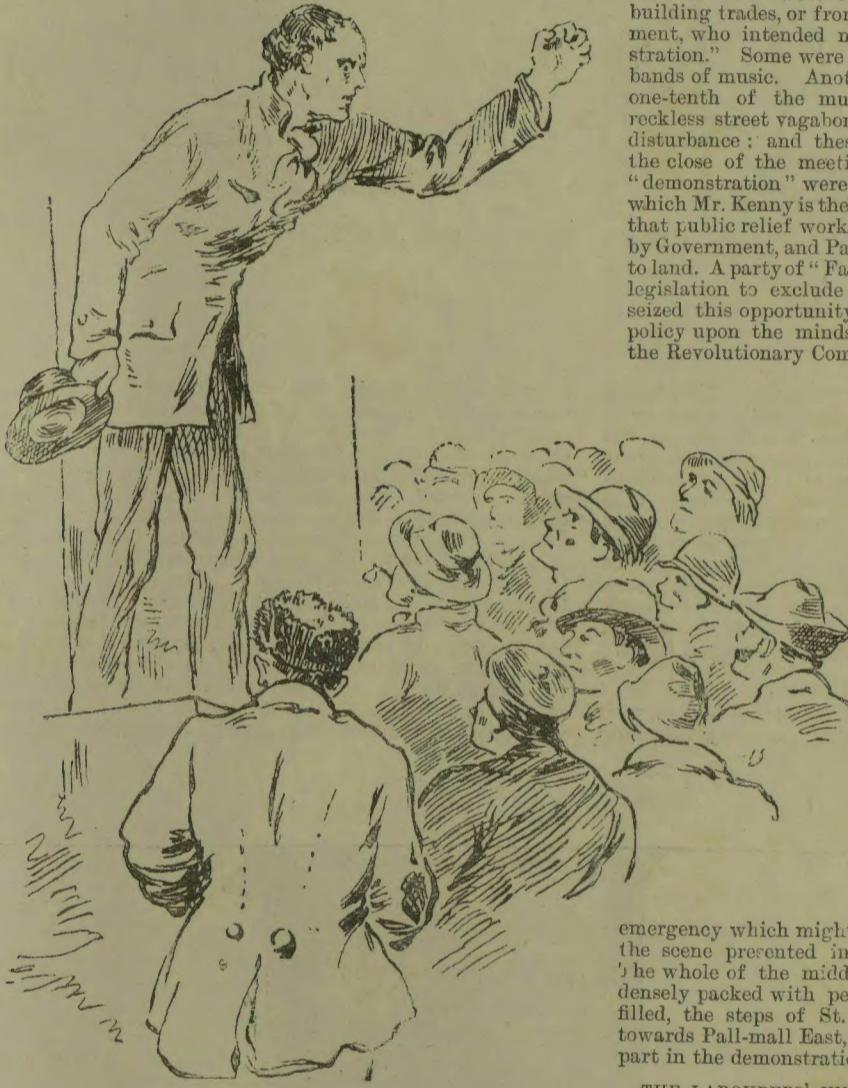
**THE LABOURERS' UNION AND FAIR TRADERS' MEETING.**  
The meeting held by the original promoters was led by Mr. Kenny, with whom appeared to be associated the East-End Fair Trade Leaguers, Messrs. Lemon, Peters, and Kelly, with Mr. Cook, late Conservative candidate for Battersea, and Mr. Albert Charrington. The platform stands were made on work benches at the north end of the square. A person named Johnson, known as a Clerkenwell Democrat, coming to one stand, was denounced and ill-treated. Another speaker was thrown into the fountain—platform and all. At the chief platform the Fair Leaguer, Mr. Peters, was supposed to take the chair,

and the audience here had the largest number of bona fide out-of-work labourers, and but few roughs, who, indeed, were kept in awe and order by the steady determination of the workers to have no disturbance in their midst. Mr. Peters said that he hoped the rich would see the numbers wanting food, and was met by several voices exclaiming, "We want work, not charity." A set of resolutions was then moved by Mr. Kenny, supported by Mr. Albert Charrington and Mr. E. R. Cook, requesting her Majesty's Government to start useful public works for the unemployed; also, that Parliament should encourage the employment of British capital in British rather than foreign enterprises, and take measures to relieve our distressed agricultural interest; and that a Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture should be appointed, and fair play should be given to British industry, against the disastrous effects of hostile foreign tariffs and of foreign State bounties on products imported into the British market. These resolutions were carried by acclamation at three different platforms; but that occupied by Mr. Peters, Mr. Kenny, Mr. Charrington, and Mr. Cooke broke down immediately afterwards, so that this part of the meeting dispersed in some confusion.

**THE SOCIALIST DEMOCRATS' MEETING.**

There was a menacing roar of voices as a man with the red flag mounted the stone-work overlooking the fountains, and all faces turned in that direction. Mr. Burns had a loud voice, which could be heard at a great distance. He declared that he and his friends of the "Social Democratic Federation" were not there to oppose the agitation of the unemployed, but to prevent people being made the tools of paid agitators in the interests of the Fair Trade League. He went on to denounce the House of Commons as composed of capitalists who had fattened upon the labour of the working men, and in this class he included landlords, railway directors, and employers, who, he said, were no more likely to legislate in the interests of the working men than were the wolves to labour for the lambs. To hang these, he said, would be to waste good rope, and as no good to the people was to be expected from these "representatives," there must be revolution to alter the present state of things. The people who were out of work did not want relief but justice. From whom should they get justice? From such as the Duke of Westminster and his class, or the capitalists in the House of Commons and their classes? No relief or justice would come from them. The working men had now the vote conferred upon them. What for? To turn one party out and put the other in? Were they going to be content with that while their wives and children wanted food? When the people in France demanded food, the rich laughed at those they called the "men in blouses"; but the heads of those who laughed soon decorated the lamp-posts. The leaders of the Social Democratic Federation wanted to settle affairs peaceably if they could; but if not, they would not shrink from revolution. A large part of the audience heard all these violent sayings without approval or rebuke, and then the speaker asked those out of work to hold up their hands. Nearly all the hands were held up. Mr. Champion, who was chairman of the meeting at the Holborn Townhall last week, called by the Social Democratic Federation, was the next speaker, followed by John Williams, the man who was imprisoned for resisting the police at an East-End Socialist meeting.

Mr. Hyndman then proceeded to address the meeting, and made a violent harangue. He said the people out of work were



AN EARNEST ORATOR.



A BYE DISCUSSION.

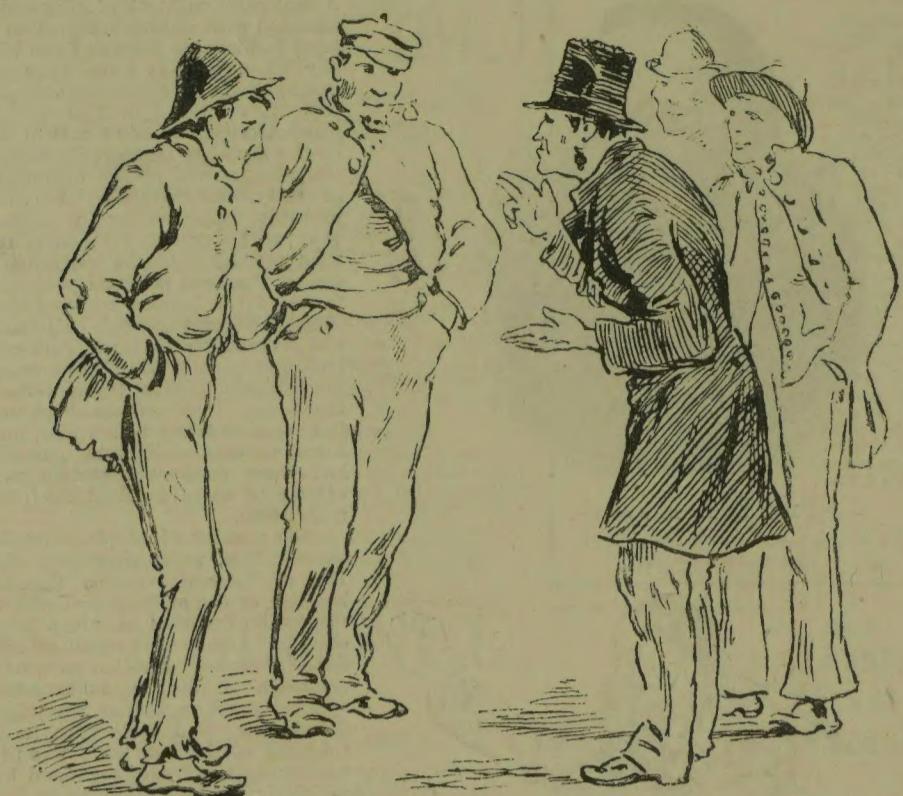


A SEPARATE AUDIENCE.

## RIOTS AT THE WEST-END OF LONDON.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"



A FRIEND OF THE WORKING MEN.

asked to be moderate, but how could they be moderate when they were out of work and starving? It depended upon them whether they would drive the middle classes to bay, and if they did they would soon win. Mr. Burns made another speech, in which he observed that the next time they met it would be to go and sack the bakers' shops in the west of London.

## THE TUMULT AFTER THE MEETINGS.

It was only towards the close of the speaking in Trafalgar-square that any signs of violence were shown. As soon as the speakers stepped down from the small wooden constructions which had served for platforms the mob seized the platforms and soon broke up the planks into splintered pieces. These they tossed about over each other's heads, howling and cheering all the time, and laughing and jeering at the police when they interfered. Then the crowd moved towards the end of the Strand, and for some time lingered at the block of

buildings of which the Grand Hotel forms a part. They hailed every vehicle which passed, and tried to stop its progress. The police seemed powerless against the hundreds of persons who constituted the mob, and they did little more than endeavour to protect the cabs, omnibuses, and other vehicles which constantly streamed along the busy thoroughfare. Once they endeavoured to arrest those who attempted anything in the nature of personal violence, but their prisoners were immediately rescued. Eventually, however, a reinforcement of police from Scotland-yard and Bow-street came on the scene, and two prisoners were speedily marched off to Bow-street Police Station. The crowd remained in front of Morley's Hotel in the square, and continued to hang about for several hours.

## THE RIOT IN PALL-MALL.

While the followers of the East-End Labourers' League, with their allies the Fair Traders, moved off peaceably, returning

home along the Strand, a mob headed by several Socialists, one of whom was carrying a small red flag, marched off into Cockspur-street almost unknown to the vast concourse of people on the other side of the square. This mob, estimated at from 1000 to 2000 persons, proceeded into Pall-mall, and it soon became evident that they were bent upon mischief, and they had loaded themselves with stones and other missiles. It was remarked by many of the quiet spectators that this mob included a number of roughs who were not really unemployed working men, and that several of those who were apparently acting as ring-leaders were respectably dressed. Mr. Burns, who had presided at the Socialist part of the demonstration, was borne along on the shoulders of several men. Mr. Hyndman, who was also one of the speakers, was likewise in the crowd. On their reaching Pall-mall, stones were thrown at several of the clubs in this thoroughfare. At the Carlton Club the vast crowd, which had now increased to several thousands, stopped, and



BREAK UP OF THE TRAFALGAR-SQUARE MEETING.

## RIOTS AT THE WEST-END OF LONDON.



ON THE SKIRTS OF THE CROWD.



DUCKING AN UNPOPULAR SPEAKER.

several of the Socialist leaders climbed on to the railings, and one of them waved the small red flag. The quickly growing concourse of rabble howled and shouted as they were harangued by their leaders, and hurled stones at the windows.

**OUTRAGES IN ST. JAMES'S-STREET AND PICCADILLY.**  
The mob swept on furiously round the corner of Pall-mall and up St. James's-street, and here they threw stones at the windows of nearly all the clubs and some of the shops and private houses. The first attacked was Arthur's Club, in which all the windows of the morning-room were broken by stones. At Brooks's Club, about forty large panes of glass were smashed. At the Devonshire Club, eight or nine windows were shattered, and the windows at the New University Club and Boodle's Club shared a similar fate. Arriving at the top of St. James's-street, the mob turned to the left, along Piccadilly, where their violence took a more serious form. Throwing stones at every moment as they passed, they broke the windows of the Bath Hotel, at the corner of Arlington-street, the windows of the General Stock Exchange, and several shops. Then they

smashed in the windows at the shop of Mr. W. G. Adams, portmanteau-seller. Some men entered the shop and seized several wood trunks and a small bath. These they carried off and smashed, and threw the bath into the Green Park. They then turned their attention to the right-hand side of the thoroughfare. Several windows in private residences were broken. Much more serious damage was effected when the mob reached Half Moon-street. At the corner of this street is the establishment of Mr. H. Benjamin, livery tailor, glover, and hosier. The mob here made a determined rush at the windows, which they battered in with stones and other weapons, and then seized the articles of clothing and hosiery which the windows contained. Turning to the opposite corner of the street, they dashed at the shop of Mr. E. Gallais, wine and spirit and cigar merchant. They served four or five of his large plate-glass windows in the same manner, and some possessed themselves of bottles of spirits and wine.

## HYDE PARK-CORNER.

After this act of pillage, the mob went on rapidly in

the direction of Hyde Park, throwing stones at most of the private residences, including that of the Hon. E. Marjoribanks, the newly-appointed Comptroller of the Household; and Messrs. Need's shop, in which works of art are shown, was attacked and the windows broken. Windows were also smashed at the Bachelors' Club, at the corner of Hamilton-place, and at the residence of the Duke of Cambridge at the corner of Park-lane. Rushing wildly onward, the infuriated mob entered Hyde Park, where, for a short time, they were addressed by some of their leaders, who took up a position at the foot of the statue. Here the mob stopped carriages and turned out their occupants.

## HAVOC IN AUDLEY-STREET.

After a brief halt in the park, they resumed their destructive march. Rushing madly up the road and through Stanhope-gate, they smashed the windows of Lord Manvers' residence facing Park-lane, and of Lord Gainsborough's house at the corner of Tilney-street and Dean-street. From here they passed along Dean-street into South Audley-street,



MOB IN ST. JAMES'S-STREET, OPPOSITE THE NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB.

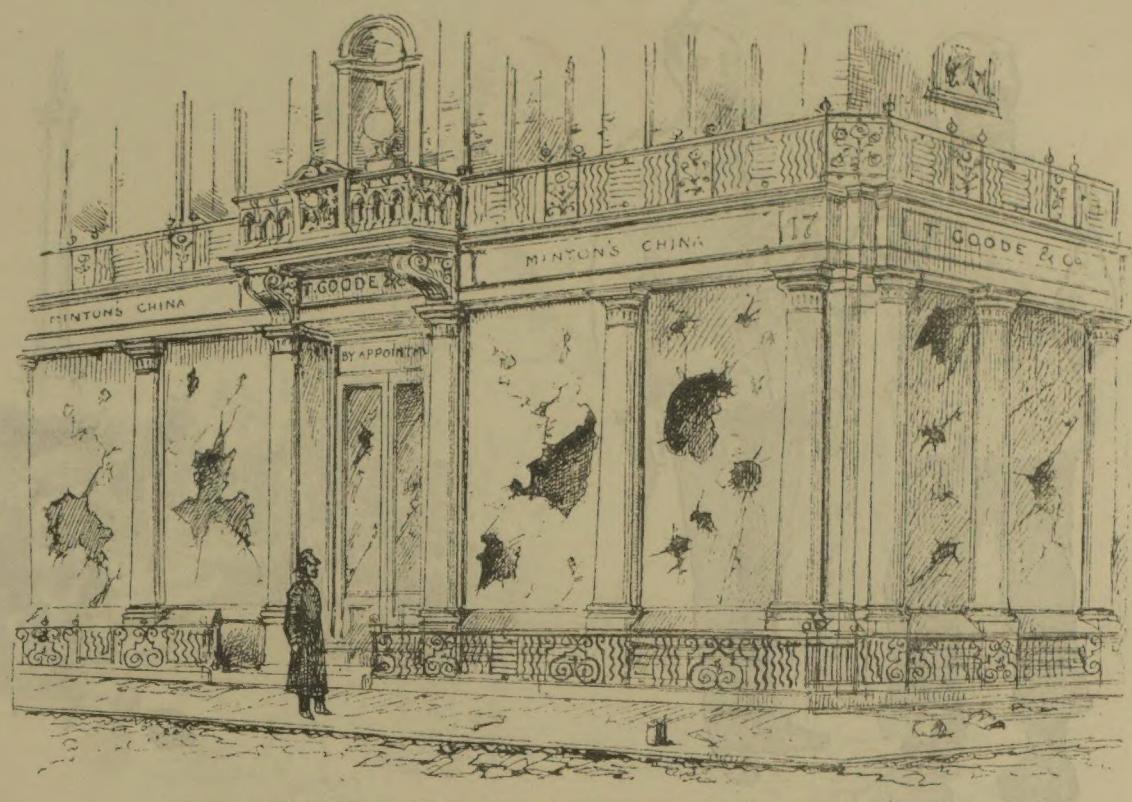
## RIOTS AT THE WEST-END OF LONDON.

where there are many shops; they completely wrecked nearly every shop from beginning to end, and the damage to property must amount to a very large sum, while a large quantity of valuable goods were stolen or destroyed.

The first shop attacked in South Audley-street was that of Mr. Archard, jeweller. The windows were smashed to atoms, and watches and jewellery, consisting of rings, pins, studs, earrings, and brooches, to the value of £300 or £400, were torn from their places and taken away. The large chinaware establishment of Mr. Goode, opposite, also suffered, but the windows were somewhat protected by an iron palisading. Next the mob smashed the windows at the shop of Messrs. Slack and Co., hatters, throwing some empty bottles of wine and spirits into the shop and damaging the stock. At an upholsterer's shop at the corner of Adams'-news, some valuable silk-covered chairs were destroyed, together with the large plate-glass windows. The mob proceeded to the shop of Messrs. Cadbury and Pratt, poulterers, and entirely cleared out the open windows of the game and poultry exposed there for sale. Many of the birds they threw about the street and scrambled for, and others were thrown into shop windows along the street. From here the mob proceeded to a butcher's, and seized several joints; it next directed its attention to a boot and shoe shop, treating this with similar destructiveness, and carrying away boots and shoes. These articles were employed as missiles to attack other shops as they continued their progress.

Crossing Grosvenor-square, and throwing at the windows of several large private houses as they passed, the mob reached North Audley-street, and here their work was as destructive as in South Audley-street. Some of the shopkeepers, however, were prepared for them, and had put up their shutters. Finally, the mob gradually dispersed in Oxford-street.

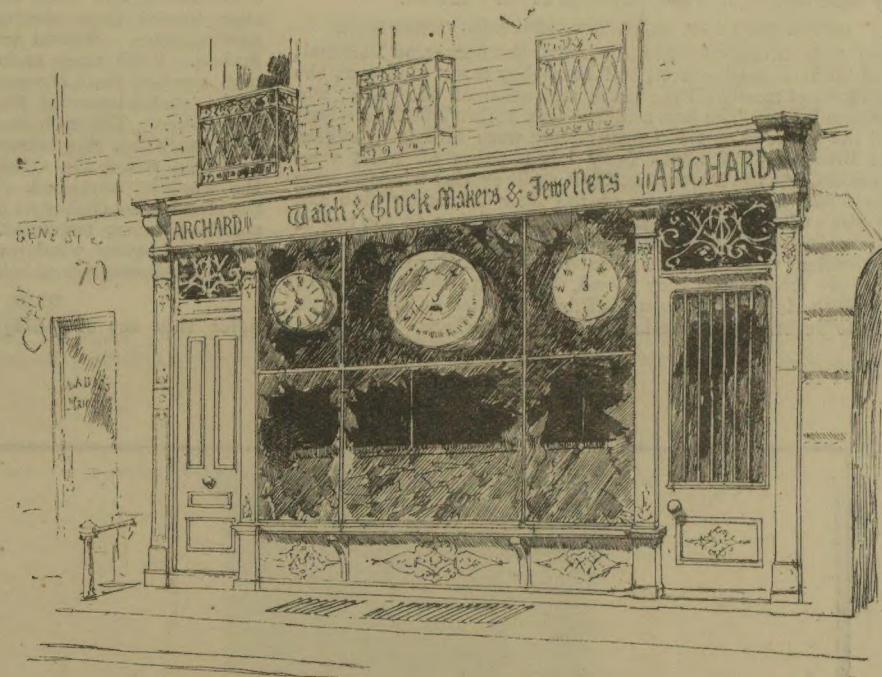
On Tuesday and Wednesday, fears of a renewed outbreak were entertained, and many shopkeepers at the West-End, and in the Strand, put up their shutters in the afternoon. Trafalgar-square was guarded by a large force of police, and no further rioting was attempted.



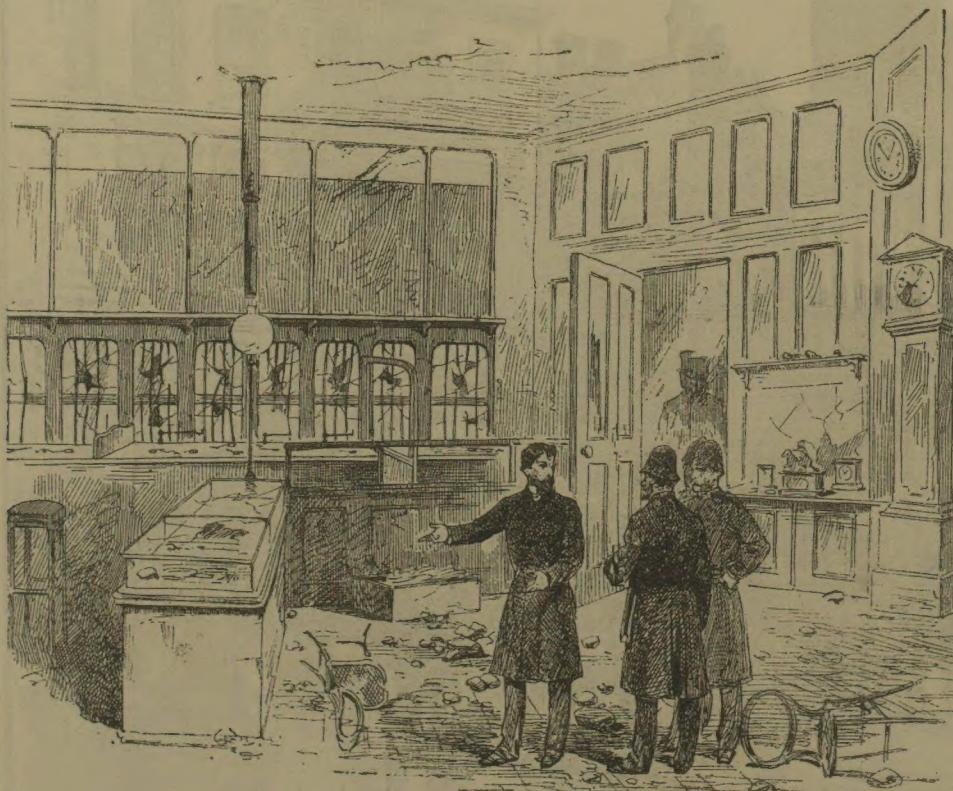
MESSRS. T. GOODE AND CO.'S, SOUTH AUDLEY-STREET.



MR. MORRIS'S SHOP, NORTH AUDLEY-STREET.



MR. ARCHARD'S, SOUTH AUDLEY-STREET.



MESSRS. PURVIS AND BISHOP'S, JEWELLERS, NORTH AUDLEY-STREET.



ARTICLES OF PLUNDER FROM SHOPS, USED AS MISSILES.